
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

FEBRUARY, 1798.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. GODWIN,

AUTHOR OF A VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN*.

THE curiosity of the public, which has been raised to no inconsiderable height respecting the chequered existence of Mrs. Godwin, is now in some measure to be gratified. The events of her life are made known, and it is our business to record them with impartiality and discrimination.

Mr. Wollstonecraft had several children, five of whom are still living. The birth place of Mary is not exactly ascertained; but she was born between Epping and London, on the 27th of April, 1759.

There is little to be remarked of her infancy. Her father was so versatile in his pecuniary character, and so tyrannical at home, as scarcely to be endured by his connexions; and though her mother was better disposed than

* Though the events of this paper are abridged from Mr. Godwin's biography, they are re-written by the writer of the present sketch, and arranged in a mode that widely differs from his original. Neither does the portrait of Mrs. G. resemble the one published by her husband. Those who have ever seen the late Mrs. Godwin, and those who shall consider her memoirs as written by Mr. G. will be enabled to judge of the improvements we have endeavoured to effect.

VOL. III.

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her father, Mary had no education bestowed on her.— She was left to ramble at large, and the natural constitution of her mind inclining her to the more masculine amusements; she delighted to associate with her brothers. She had arrived to her seventeenth year, before she became acquainted with a Mr. Clare, an elderly clergyman, who first initiated her in the rudiments of common observation. But the accession of Miss Frances Blood to the list of her friends, operated the most effectually on the tender mind of Mary. Frances possessed that elegance in literature, which, evincing itself in her correspondence with Miss Wollstonecraft, incited in the latter a sympathetic emulation, and roused her to the attainment of excellence. Examples of this kind are numerous. There is not any other incitement that can be viewed in competition with an incitement of this description. A youthful literary friend, male or female, cannot fail to awaken a spirit of excellence among those of their associates: where we love we admire, where we admire we imitate.

Home; it has been already observed, was no home to Mary. After repeated considerations of the measure, in 1778 she quitted her father's roof, and went to reside with Mrs. Dawson, of Bath, in the character of a companion to that lady. Her residence in this place was but short. Her mother being taken dangerously ill, she returned to her family, where the death of Mrs. Wollstonecraft took place in the course of the year 1780. From this time, till 1783, Mary was rather inactive than otherwise. But in this year (1783) she opened a school near Islington, in conjunction with her friend Miss Frances Blood. She likewise became known to Dr. Price.

The school did not last. Frances was married, and passed over to Lisbon, whither Miss Wollstonecraft was soon after summoned to attend the dying moments of her friend; and the school, no longer confirmed by her presence, her talents, her virtues, ran quick to decay: nor did she wish to resume it on her return to England.

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This tour had, however, some salutary effects. It expanded her opening views; it liberalized and strengthened her mind. She became an author:—and her first attempt in this way—"Thoughts on the Education of Daughters"—written under the inspection, and at the instance of the Rev. Mr. Hewlett, with a view to relieve the embarrassment of a fair friend, procured her ten guineas from Mr. Johnson, of St. Paul's church-yard: a man whose name is synonymous with liberality.

About the same epoch, or (1786-7) a situation offered itself to her acceptance, through the medium of the Rev. Mr. Prior, then one of the under masters of Eton School. As she passed some weeks at this gentleman's house, after relinquishing her own seminary, she had an opportunity of estimating the general value of our public institutions. She never could admire them, and it served only to confirm her in an opinion, that day-schools, where, as she expressed it, "children have the opportunity of conversing with children, without interfering with domestic affections," tended more to the best interests of the community. She now entered on her new capacity, that of governess in the family of Lord Kingsborough. Her letters during her residence in Ireland with the children of Lord K. express much disapprobation of the conduct of the common race of parents. In one, she says,—“If parents attended to their children, I would not have written the stories*; for, what are books—compared to conversations which affection enforces!”

Her stay in Ireland did not exceed twelve months, though she had cultivated many acquaintances while there; and in the summer of 1787 she produced "Mary, a Fiction," while resident at the Bristol Hot-wells. From the autumn of the same year, we may date her literary life. "Young Grandison;—The New Robinson Crusoe;—The Female Reader;—Necker on Religion, translated;—An Abridgement of Lavater's Physiognomy;—Elements of Morality, from the German,"—and several

* ORIGINAL STORIES, published by Mr. Johnson.

articles in the Analytical Review, were the successive efforts of her pen. The following letter on the subject of reviewing, written to Mr. Johnson at this stage of her professional being, *must* not be concealed—the PUBLIC *should read it.*

“As I am become a reviewer, I think it right, in the way of business, to consider the subject. You have alarmed the editor of the Critical, as the advertisement prefixed to the appendix plainly shows. The Critical appears to me to be a timid, mean production, and its success is a reflection on the taste and judgment of the public; but, as a body, who ever gave it credit for much? The voice of the people is only the voice of truth, when some man of abilities has had time to get fast hold of the GREAT NOSE of the monster. Of course, local fame is generally a clamour, and dies away. The Appendix to the Monthly afforded me more amusement, though every article almost wants energy, and a *cant* of virtue and liberality is strewed over it; always tame, and eager to pay court to established fame. The account of Necker is one unvaried tone of admiration. Surely men were born only to provide for the sustenance of the body by enfeebling the mind!”

By these exertions were her relatives supported, since her father had squandered whatever property they once possessed. Of her friends, Mr. Johnson stood highest—and it was at his table where, in the winter of 1790, she met with Mr. Fusch, the object of her first attachment. Her reputation had been recently increased by her “Answer to Mr. Burke’s Reflexions on the Revolution in France;” and was now confirmed in her “Vindication of the Rights of Women.” Whatever defects may attach to this her most celebrated production, they will at least be mitigated by the observation of Mr. Godwin:—“The censure (he observes) of the liberal critic, as to the defects of this performance, will be changed into astonishment, when I tell him, that a work of this inestimable moment, was begun, carried on, and finished in the state in which it now appears, in a period of no more than six weeks.” But fame, and fame alone, however
seductive

seductive and powerful, could not fill the heart of female sensibility. Love had taken residence in that of Mary : love in his most poignant form, for Fuseli, the secret object of her choice, was married to another, and that other, one of her most cherished, most amiable friends ! She strove to conceal her own heart. She could not hope, she did not wish, to gain the heart of Fuseli—but she could not tear herself from him ! She endured these torments till they were to be endured no longer ; she then revealed her whole breast to Mrs. Fuseli, and sat off for France, to relieve her dismal situation. Mr. Godwin was introduced to her in these scenes : but found nothing that could then arrest his attention to a woman whom he afterwards married, and we believe loved. She arrived at Paris in the beginning of 1792.

Her life had not yet been happy. The little enjoyment which fame had lighted up in her almost desolate soul, vanished at the torch of love. “ The heart wants something to be kind to ! ” That something was not for her—she had known disappointment only. Such was the state of her feelings when she found herself on a sudden, and as she thought happily, attracted to Mr. Imlay. Nature appeared to her in new colours, Imlay appeared reciprocal in his affection—and all was hope ! it was more—it was elysium, hope realized ! Some have thought very meanly of this characteristic, and have not scrupled to represent her of “ a vicious and unbridled imagination ; a woman of strong passions and desires.” These knew her not, or they had known her otherwise. If her whole conduct towards her friend Mrs. Fuseli, be deemed insufficient to obviate these calumnies, let us hear her some years previous to this, when, in the midst of poverty and distresses the most complicated, she returned the following answer to some proposals which were tendered her on the subject of marriage :

“ SIR,

“ It is inexpressibly disagreeable to me to be obliged to enter again on a subject, that has already raised a tumult of indignant emotions

emotions in my bosom, which I was labouring to suppress when I received your letter. I shall now *condescend* to answer your epistle; but let me first tell you, that, in my *unprotected* situation, I make a point of never forgiving a *deliberate insult*—and in that light I consider your late officious conduct. It is not according to my nature to mince matters—I will then tell you, in plain terms, what I think. I have ever considered you in the light of a *civil acquaintance*—on the word friend I lay a peculiar emphasis—and, as a mere acquaintance, you were rude and *cruel*, to step forward to insult a woman whose conduct and misfortunes demand respect. If my friend, Mr. Johnson, had made the proposal—I should have been severely hurt—have thought him unkind and unfeeling, but not *impertinent*.—The privilege of intimacy you had no claim to—and should have referred the man to myself—if you had not sufficient discernment to quash it at once. I am, sir, poor and destitute.—Yet I have a spirit that will never bend, or take indirect methods, to obtain the consequence I despise; nay, if to support life it was necessary to act contrary to my principles, the struggle would soon be over. I can bear any thing but my own contempt.

“ In a few words, what I call an insult, is the bare supposition that I could for a moment think of *prostituting* my person for a maintenance; for in that point of view does such a marriage appear to me, who consider right and wrong in the abstract, and never by words and local opinions shield myself from the reproaches of my own heart and understanding.

“ It is needless to say more—only you must excuse me when I add, that I wish never to see, but as a perfect stranger, a person who could so grossly mistake my character. An apology is not necessary—if you were inclined to make one—nor any further expostulations.—I again repeat, I cannot overlook an affront; few indeed have a sufficient delicacy to respect poverty, even where it gives lustre to a character—and I tell you, sir, I am **POOR**—yet can live without your benevolent exertions.”

She was not married to Mr. Imlay; this ceremony was postponed till they should arrive either in England, or America. Even his name would not at this time have been assumed by her, had not a decree of the Convention, ordering

ordering the imprisonment of all the English resident in France, compelled her to take up the name of Imlay, in order to save herself as the wife of an American. Other reasons, and those too of the most noble complexion, delayed the matrimonial bond. Mrs. Wollstonecraft was considerably in debt; and Mr. Imlay having come to Paris on mercantile speculations, she could not bring herself to encumber him with her arrears. She had reason to lament this candour: Mr. Imlay staid with her but two or three months—went to Havre, next to London on pretences of business, and never re-united himself with her. Mr. Godwin has given a long account of this transaction, which, as it is gleaned from the letters of his late wife, we shall rather choose it from the original source.

LETTERS FROM MRS. WOLLSTONECRAFT TO
MR. IMLAY:

We trace even in this letter, the querulousness of early sorrow:

“ Believe me, sage sir,* you have not sufficient respect for the imagination—I could prove to you in a trice that it is the mother of sentiment, the great distinction of our nature, the only purifier of the passions—animals have a portion of reason, and equal, if not more exquisite senses; but no trace of imagination, or her offspring taste, appears in any of their actions. The impulse of the senses, passions, if you will, and the conclusions of reason, draw men together; but the imagination is the true fire, stolen from heaven, to animate this cold creature of clay, producing all those fine sympathies that lead to rapture, rendering men social by expanding their hearts, instead of leaving them leisure to calculate how many comforts society affords.”

“ How I hate this crooked business! This intercourse with the world, which obliges one to see the worst side of human nature!

* *This is the first of a series of letters during a separation of many months, to which no cordial meeting ever succeeded.*

ture! Why cannot you be content with the object you had first in view, when you entered into this wearisome labyrinth?—I know very well that you have imperceptibly been drawn on; yet why does one project, successful or abortive, only give place to two others? Is it not sufficient to avoid poverty?—I am contented to do my part; and, even here, sufficient to escape from wretchedness is not difficult to obtain. And, let me tell you, I have my project also—and, if you do not soon return, the little girl and I will take care of ourselves; we will not accept any of your cold kindness—your distant civilities—no; not we.”

“ I will own to you that, feeling extreme tenderness for my little girl, I grow sad very often when I am playing with her, that you are not here, to observe with me how her mind unfolds, and her little heart becomes attached!—These appear to me to be true pleasures—and still you suffer them to escape you, in search of what we may never enjoy.—It is your own maxim to “ live in the present moment.”—*If you do—stay,* for God’s sake; but tell me the truth—if not, tell me when I may expect to see you, and let me not be always vainly looking for you, till I grow sick at heart.

“ Adieu! I am a little hurt.—I must take my darling to my bosom to comfort me.”

“ I just now received one of your hasty notes; for business so entirely occupies you, that you have not time, or sufficient command of thought, to write letters. Beware! you seem to have got into a whirl of projects and schemes, which are drawing you into a gulph, that, if it do not absorb your happiness, will infallibly destroy mine.

“ Fatigued during my youth by the most arduous struggles, not only to obtain independence, but to render myself useful, not merely pleasure, for which I had the most lively taste, I mean the simple pleasures that flow from passion and affection, escaped me, but the most melancholy views of life were impressed by a disappointed heart on my mind. Since I knew you, I have been endeavouring to go back to my former nature, and have allowed some time to glide away, winged with the delight which only spontaneous enjoyment can give.—Why have you so soon dissolved the charm?”

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"I am really unable to bear the continual inquietude which your and ——'s never-ending plans produce. This you may term want of firmness—but you are mistaken—I have still sufficient firmness to pursue my principle of action. The present misery, I cannot find a softer word to do justice to my feelings, appears to me unnecessary—and therefore I have not firmness to support it as you may think I ought. I should have been content, and still wish, to retire with you to a farm—My God! any thing but these continual anxieties—any thing but commerce, which debases the mind, and roots out affection from the heart." But—"My animal is well; I have not yet taught her to eat, but nature is doing the business. I gave her a crust to assist the cutting of her teeth; and now she has two, she makes good use of them to gnaw a crust, biscuit, &c. You would laugh to see her; she is just like a little squirrel; she will guard a crust for two hours; and, after fixing her eye on an object for some time, dart on it with an aim as sure as a bird of prey."

What an affection that could pen these sentiments to a man who had forfeited every claim to her esteem!—

"My friend—my dear friend—examine yourself well—I am out of the question; for, alas! I am nothing—and discover what you wish to do—what will render you most comfortable—or, to be more explicit—whether you desire to live with me, or part for ever? When you can once ascertain it, tell me frankly, I conjure you!—for, believe me, I have involuntarily interrupted your peace."

"I shall expect you to dinner on Monday, and will endeavour to assume a cheerful face to greet you."

But her griefs are renewed and augmented—

"The common run of men, I know, with strong health and gross appetites, must have variety to banish *ennui*, because the imagination never lends its magic wand to convert appetite into love, cemented by according reason.—Ah! my friend, you know not the ineffable delight, the exquisite pleasure, which arises from a unison of affection and desire, when the whole soul and senses are abandoned to a lively imagination, that renders every emotion delicate and rapturous. Yes; these are emotions,

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over which satiety has no power, and the recollection of which, even disappointment cannot disenchant; but they do not exist without self-denial. These emotions, more or less strong, appear to me to be the distinctive characteristic of genius, the foundation of taste, and of that exquisite relish for the beauties of nature, of which the common herd of eaters and drinkers, and *child-beg getters*, certainly have no idea. You will smile at an observation that has just occurred to me:—I consider those minds as the most strong and original, whose imagination acts as a stimulus to their senses.

“ Well! you will ask, what is the result of all this reasoning? Why I cannot help thinking that it is possible for you, having great strength of mind, to return to nature, and regain a sanity of constitution, and purity of feeling—which would open your heart to me.—I would fain rest there!

“ Yet, convinced more than ever of the sincerity and tenderness of my attachment to you, the involuntary hopes, which a determination to live has revived, are not sufficiently strong to dissipate the cloud that despair has spread over futurity. I have looked at the sea, and at my child, hardly daring to own to myself the secret wish, that it might become our tomb; and that the heart, still so alive to anguish, might there be quieted by death. At this moment ten thousand complicated sentiments press for utterance, weigh on my heart, and obscure my sight.

“ Are we ever to meet again? and will you endeavour to render that meeting happier than the last? Will you endeavour to restrain your caprices, in order to give vigour to affection, and to give play to the checked sentiments that nature intended should expand your heart? I cannot indeed, without agony, think of your bosom’s being continually contaminated; and bitter are the tears which exhaust my eyes, when I recollect why my child and I are forced to stray from the asylum, in which, after so many storms, I had hoped to rest, smiling at angry fate.—These are not common sorrows; nor can you perhaps conceive, how much active fortitude it requires to labour perpetually to blunt the shafts of disappointment.”

“ How am I altered by disappointment!—When going to —, ten years ago, the elasticity of my mind was sufficient to ward off weariness—and the imagination still could dip her brush in the rainbow of fancy, and sketch futurity in smiling colours.

colours. Now I am going towards the North in search of sunbeams!—Will any ever warm this desolated heart? All nature seems to frown—or rather mourn with me.—Every thing is cold—cold as my expectations! Before I left the shore, tormented as I now am, by these North-east *chillers*, I could not help exclaiming—Give me, gracious heaven! at least, genial weather, if I am never to meet the genial affection that still warms this agitated bosom—compelling life to linger there.

To Imlay again—

“ I labour in vain to calm my mind—my soul has been overwhelmed by sorrow and disappointment. Every thing fatigues me—this is a life that cannot last long. It is you who must determine with respect to futurity—and, when you have, I will act accordingly—I mean, we must either resolve to live together, or part for ever. I cannot bear these continual struggles—But I wish you to examine carefully your own heart and mind; and, if you perceive the least chance of being happier without me than with me, or if your inclination leans capriciously to that side, do not dissemble; but tell me frankly that you will never see me more. I will then adopt the plan I mentioned to you—for we must either live together, or I will be entirely independent.”

“ Believe me, (and my eyes fill with tears of tenderness as I assure you) there is nothing I would not endure in the way of privation, rather than disturb your tranquillity.—If I am fated to be unhappy, I will labour to hide my sorrows in my own bosom; and you shall always find me a faithful, affectionate friend.

“ I grow more and more attached to my little girl—and I cherish this affection without fear, because it must be a long time before it can become bitterness of soul.—She is an interesting creature.—On ship-board, how often, as I gazed at the sea, have I longed to bury my troubled bosom in the less troubled deep; asserting with Brutus, “ that the virtue I had followed too far, was merely an empty name!” and nothing but the sight of her—her playful smiles, which seemed to cling and twine round my heart—could have stopped me.

“ What peculiar misery has fallen to my share! To act up to my principles, I have laid the strictest restraint on my very thoughts

thoughts—yes; not to sully the delicacy of my feelings, I have reined-in my imagination; and started with affright from every sensation, (I allude to —) that stealing with balmy sweetness into my soul, led me to scent from afar the fragrance of reviving nature.

“ My friend, I have dearly paid for one conviction.—Love, in some minds, is an affair of sentiment, arising from the same delicacy of perception (or taste) as renders them alive to the beauties of nature, poetry, &c.; alive to the charms of those evanescent graces that are, as it were, impalpable—they must be felt, they cannot be described.

“ Love is a want of my heart. I have examined myself lately with more care than formerly, and find, that to deaden is not to calm the mind—Aiming at tranquillity, I have almost destroyed all the energy of my soul—almost rooted out what renders it estimable—Yes, I have damped that enthusiasm of character which converts the grossest materials into a fuel, that imperceptibly feeds hopes which aspire above common enjoyment. Despair, since the birth of my child, has rendered me stupid—soul and body seemed to be fading away before the withering touch of disappointment.”

“ I have already told you, that I have recovered my health. Vigour, and even vivacity of mind, have returned with a renovated constitution. As for peace, we will not talk of it. I was not made, perhaps, to enjoy the calm contentment so termed.—

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“ You tell me that my letters torture you; I will not describe the effect yours have on me. I received three this morning, the last dated the 7th of this month. I mean not to give vent to the emotions they produced.—Certainly you are right; our minds are not congenial. I have lived in an ideal world, and fostered sentiments that you do not comprehend—or you would not treat me thus. I am not, I will not be, merely an object of compassion—a clog, however light, to teize you. Forget that I exist: I will never remind you. Something emphatical whispers me to put an end to these struggles. Be free—I will not torment, when I cannot please. I can take care of my child; you need not continually tell me that our fortune is inseparable, *that you will try to cherish tenderness for me.*

me. Do no violence to yourself! When we are separated, our interest, since you give so much weight to pecuniary considerations, will be entirely divided. I want not protection without affection; and support I need not, whilst my faculties are undisturbed. I had a dislike to living in England; but painful feelings must give way to superior considerations. I may not be able to acquire the sum necessary to maintain my child and self elsewhere. It is too late to go to Switzerland. I shall not remain at —, living expensively. But be not alarmed! I shall not force myself on you any more.

“Adieu! I am agitated—my whole frame is convulsed—my lips tremble, as if shook by cold, though fire seems to be circulating in my veins.”

“I write you now on my knees; imploring you to send my child and the maid with —, to Paris, to be consigned to the care of Madame —, rue —, section de —. Should they be removed, — can give their direction.

“Let the maid have all my clothes, without distinction.

“Pray pay the cook her wages, and do not mention the confession which I forced from her—a little sooner or later is of no consequence. Nothing but my extreme stupidity could have rendered me blind so long. Yet, whilst you assured me that you had no attachment, I thought we might still have lived together.

“I shall make no comments on your conduct; or any appeal to the world. Let my wrongs sleep with me! Soon, very soon, shall I be at peace. When you receive this, my burning head will be cold.

“I would encounter a thousand deaths, rather than a night like the last. Your treatment has thrown my mind into a state of chaos; yet I am serene. I go to find comfort, and my only fear is, that my poor body will be insulted by an endeavour to recal my hated existence. But I shall plunge into the Thames where there is the least chance of my being snatched from the death I seek.

“God bless you! May you never know by experience what you have made me endure. Should your sensibility ever awake, remorse will find its way to your heart; and, in the midst of business and sensual pleasure, I shall appear before you, the victim of your deviation from rectitude.

" I have only to lament, that, when the bitterness of death was past, I was inhumanly brought back to life and misery. But a fixed determination is not to be baffled by disappointment; nor will I allow that to be a frantic attempt, which was one of the calmest acts of reason. In this respect, I am only accountable to myself. Did I care for what is termed reputation, it is by other circumstances that I should be dishonoured.

" You say, 'that you know not how to extricate ourselves out of the wretchedness into which we have been plunged.' You are extricated long since.—But I forbear to comment.—If I am condemned to live longer, it is a living death.

" It appears to me, that you lay much more stress on delicacy, than on principle; for I am unable to discover what sentiment of delicacy would have been violated by your visiting a wretched friend—if indeed you have any friendship for me.—But since your new attachment is the only thing sacred in your eyes, I am silent—Be happy! My complaints shall never more damp your enjoyment—perhaps I am mistaken in supposing that even my death could, for more than a moment.—This is what you call magnanimity.—It is happy for yourself, that you possess this quality in the highest degree.

" Your continually asserting, that you will do all in your power to contribute to my comfort, (when you only allude to pecuniary assistance) appears to me a flagrant breach of delicacy.—I want not such vulgar comfort, nor will I accept it. I never wanted but your heart—that gone, you have nothing more to give. Had I only poverty to fear, I should not shrink from life.—Forgive me then, if I say, that I shall consider any direct or indirect attempt to supply my necessities, as an insult which I have not merited—and as rather done out of tenderness for your own reputation than for me. Do not mistake me; I do not think that you value money (therefore I will not accept what you do not care for) though I do much less, because certain privations are not painful to me. When I am dead, respect for yourself will make you take care of the child.

" I write with difficulty—probably I shall never write to you again.—Adieu!

" God bless you!"

" Having

" Having just been informed that ——— is to return immediately to Paris, I would not miss a sure opportunity of writing, because I am not certain that my last, by Dover, has reached you.

" Repentment, and even anger, are momentary emotions with me—and I wished to tell you so, that if you ever think of me, it may not be in the light of an enemy.

" That I have not been used *well* I must ever feel; perhaps, not always with the keen anguish I do at present—for I began even now to write calmly, and I cannot restrain my tears.

" I am stunned!—Your late conduct still appears to me a frightful dream.—Ah! ask yourself if you have not condescended to employ a little address, I could almost say cunning, unworthy of you?—Principles are sacred things—and we never play with truth with impunity.

" The expectation (I have too fondly nourished it) of regaining your affection, every day grows fainter and fainter.—Indeed, it seems to me, when I am more sad than usual, that I shall never see you more.—Yet you will not always forget me.—You will feel something like remorse, for having lived only for yourself—and sacrificed my peace to inferior gratifications. In a comfortless old age, you will remember that you had one disinterested friend, whose heart you wounded to the quick. The hour of recollection will come—and you will not be satisfied to act the part of a boy, till you fall into that of a dotard. I know that your mind, your heart, and your principles of action, are all superior to your present conduct. You do, you must, respect me—and you will be sorry to forfeit my esteem.

" You know best whether I am still preserving the remembrance of an imaginary being.—I once thought that I knew you thoroughly—but now I am obliged to leave some doubts that involuntarily press on me, to be cleared up by time.

" You may render me unhappy; but cannot make me contemptible in my own eyes.—I shall still be able to support my child, though I am disappointed in some other plans of usefulness, which I once believed would have afforded you equal pleasure.

" Whilst I was with you, I restrained my natural generosity,

rosity, because I thought your property in jeopardy.—When I went to ———, I requested you, if you could conveniently, not to forget my father, sisters, and some other people, whom I was interested about.—Money was lavished away, yet not only my requests were neglected, but some trifling debts were not discharged, that now come on me.—Was this friendship—or generosity? Will you not grant you have forgotten yourself? Still I have an affection for you.—God bless you.”

“ You must do as you please with respect to the child.—I could wish that it might be done soon, that my name may be no more mentioned to you. It is now finished.—Convinced that you have neither regard nor friendship, I disdain to utter a reproach, though I have had reason to think, that the ‘forbearance’ talked of, has not been very delicate.—It is however of no consequence.—I am glad you are satisfied with your own conduct.

“ I now solemnly assure you, that this is an eternal farewell.—Yet I flinch not from the duties which tie me to life.

“ That there is ‘sophistry’ on one side or other, is certain; but now it matters not on which. On my part it has not been a question of words. Yet your understanding or mine must be strangely warped—for what you term ‘delicacy,’ appears to me to be exactly the contrary. I have no criterion for morality, and have thought in vain, if the sensations which lead you to follow an angle or step, be the sacred foundation of principle and affection. Mine has been of a very different nature, or it would not have stood the brunt of your sarcasms.

“ The sentiment in me is still sacred. If there be any part of me that will survive the sense of my misfortunes, it is the purity of my affections. The impetuosity of your senses, may have led you to term mere animal desire the source of principle; and it may give zest to some years to come.—Whether you will always think so, I shall never know.

“ It is strange that, in spite of all you do, something like conviction forces me to believe, that you are not what you appear to be.

“ I part with you in peace.”

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE CHARACTER OF GAINSBOROUGH.

BY MR. JACKSON, OF EXETER.

IN the early part of my life I became acquainted with Thomas Gainsborough the painter; and as his character was, perhaps, better known to me than to any other person, I will endeavour to divest myself of every partiality, and speak of him as he really was. I am the rather induced to this, by seeing accounts of him and his works given by people who were unacquainted with either, and, consequently, have been mistaken in both.

Gainsborough's profession was painting, and music was his amusement—yet, there were times when music seemed to be his employment, and painting his diversion. As his skill in music has been celebrated, I will, before I speak of him as a painter, mention what degree of merit he possessed as a musician.

When I first knew him he lived at Bath, where Giardini had been exhibiting his *then* unrivalled powers on the violin. His excellent performance made Gainsborough enamoured of that instrument; and conceiving, like the servant maid in the *Spectator*, that the music lay in the fiddle, he was frantic until he possessed the *very* instrument which had given him so much pleasure—but seemed much surprized that the music of it remained behind with Giardini!

He had scarcely recovered this shock (for it was a great one to him) when he heard Abel on the viol-di-gamba. The violin was hung on the willow—Abel's viol-di-gamba was purchased, and the house refounded with melodious thirds and fifths from “morn to dewy eve!” many an adagio and many a minuet were begun, but none completed—this was wonderful, as it was Abel's *own* instrument, and, therefore, *ought* to have produced Abel's own music.

Fortunately, my friend's passion had now a fresh
L 3 object

object—Fischer's hautboy—but I do not recollect that he deprived Fischer of his instrument: and though he procured a hautboy, I never heard him make the least attempt on it. Probably his ear was too delicate to bear the disagreeable sounds which necessarily attend the first beginnings on a wind instrument. He seemed to content himself with what he heard in public, and getting Fischer to play to him in private—not on the hautboy, but the violin—but this was a profound secret, for Fischer knew that his reputation was in danger, if he pretended to excel on two instruments*.

The next time I saw Gainsborough it was in the character of King David. He had heard a harper at Bath—the performer was soon left harpleß—and now Fischer, Abel, and Giardini were all forgotten—there was nothing like chords and arpeggios! He really stuck to the harp long enough to play several airs with variations, and, in a little time would nearly have exhausted all the pieces usually performed on an instrument incapable of modulation, (this was not a pedal-harp) when another visit from Abel brought him back to the viol-di-gamba.

He now saw the imperfection of sudden sounds that instantly die away—if you wanted a *foccata*, it was to be had by a proper management of the bow, and you might also have notes as long as you please. The viol-di-gamba is the only instrument, and Abel the prince of musicians!

This, and occasionally a little flirtation with the fiddle, continued some years; when, as ill luck would have it, he heard Crofdill—but, by some irregularity of conduct, for which I cannot account, he neither took up, nor bought, the violoncello. All his passion for the bass was vented in descriptions of Crofdill's

* It was at this time that I heard Fischer play a solo on the violin, and accompany himself on the same instrument—the air of the solo was executed with the bow, and the accompaniment *pizzicato* with the unemployed fingers of his left hand.

tone

tone and bowing, which was rapturous and enthusiastic to the last degree.

More years now passed away, when upon seeing a theorbo in a picture of Vandyke's; he concluded (perhaps because it was finely painted) that the theorbo must be a fine instrument. He recollected to have heard of a German professor, who, though no more, I shall forbear to name—ascended *per varios gradus* to his garret, where we found him at dinner upon a roasted apple, and smoking a pipe—

“ * * *. (says he) I am come to buy your lute.”

“ To pay my lude !”

“ Yes—come, name your price, and here is your money.

“ I cannot shell my lude !”

“ No, not for a guinea or two; but by G—you must sell it.”

“ May lude ish wert much monnay ! it ish wert ten guinea.”

“ That it is—see here is the money.”

“ Well—if I must—but you will not take it away yourself.”

“ Yes, yes—good bye * * *.”

(After he had gone down he came up again)

“ * * * I have done but half my errand—What is your lute worth, if I have not your book ?”

“ Whad poog, Maishter Cainsporough ?”

“ Why the book of airs you have composed for the lute.”

“ Ah, py cot, I can never part wit my poog !”

“ Poh ! you can make another at any time—this is the book I mean” (putting it in his pocket.)

“ Ah, py cot, I cannot”—

“ Come, come, here's another ten guineas for your book—so once more, good day t'ye—(descends again, and again comes up.) But what use is your book to me, if I don't understand it ?—and your lute you may take it again, if you won't teach me to play on it—Come home with me, and give me my first lesson.”—

“ I will

" I will come to-morrow."

" You must come now."

" I musht trefs myshelf."

" For what? You are the best figure I have seen to day.—"

" Ay musht be shave."—

" I honour your beard!"

" Ay musht bud on my wik."—

" D—n your wig! your cap and beard become you; do you think if Vandyke was to paint you he'd let you be shav'd?"—

In this manner he frittered away his musical talents; and though possessed of ear, taste, and genius, he never had application enough to learn his notes. He scorned to take the first step, the second was of course out of his reach; and the summit became unattainable.

As a painter, his abilities may be considered in three different departments.

Portrait,

Landscape, and

Groups of Figures—to which must be added his Drawings.

To take these in the above-mentioned order.

The first consideration in a portrait, especially to the purchaser, is, that it be a perfect likeness of the sitter—in this respect, his skill was unrivalled—the next point is, that it is a good picture—here, he has as often failed as succeeded. He failed by affecting a thin washy colouring, and a hatching style of pencilling—but when, from accident or choice, he painted in the manly substantial style of Vandyke, he was very little, if at all, his inferior. It shews a great defect in judgment, to be from choice, wrong, when, we know what is right. Perhaps, his best portrait is that known among the painters by the name of the *Blue-boy*—it was in the possession of Mr. Burtall, near Newport-market.

There are three different æras in his landscapes—his first manner was an imitation of Ruysdael, with more various colouring—the second, was an extravagant
looseness

looseness of pencilling; which, though reprehensible, none but a great master can possess—his third manner, was a solid firm style of touch.

At this last period he possessed his greatest powers, and was (what every painter is at some time or other) fond of varnish. This produced the usual effects—improved the picture for two or three months; then ruined it for ever! With all his excellence in this branch of the art, he was a great mannerist—but the worst of his pictures have a value, from the facility of execution—which excellence I shall again mention.

His groups of figures are, for the most part, very pleasing, though unnatural—for a town-girl, with her cloaths in rags, is not a ragged country-girl. Notwithstanding this remark, there are numberless instances of his groups at the door of a cottage, or by a fire in a wood, &c. that are so pleasing as to disarm criticism. He sometimes (like Murillo) gave interest to a single figure—his shepherd's boy, woodman, girl and pigs, are equal to the best pictures on such subjects—his fighting-dogs, girl warming herself, and some others, shew his great powers in this style of painting. The very distinguished rank the girl and pigs held at Mr. Calonne's sale, in company with some of the best pictures of the best masters, will fully justify a commendation which might else seem extravagant.

If I were to rest his reputation upon one point, it should be on his drawings. No man ever possessed methods so various in producing effect, and all excellent—his washy, hatching style, was here in its proper element. The subject which is scarce enough for a picture, is sufficient for a drawing, and the hasty loose handling, which in painting is poor, is rich in a transparent wash of bistre and Indian ink. Perhaps the quickest effects ever produced, were in some of his drawings—and this leads me to take up again his facility of execution.

Many

Many of his pictures have no other merit than this facility; and yet, having it, are undoubtedly valuable. His drawings almost rest on this quality alone for their value; but possessing it in an eminent degree (and as no drawing can have any merit where it is wanting) his works, therefore, in this branch of the art, approach nearer to perfection than his paintings.

If the term *facility* explain not itself; instead of a definition, I will illustrate it.

Should a performer of middling execution on the violin, contrive to get through his piece, the most that can be said, is, that he has not failed in his attempt. Should Cramer perform the same music, it would be so much within his powers, that it would be executed with ease. Now, the superiority of pleasure, which arises from the execution of a Cramer, is enjoyed from the facility of a Gainsborough. A poor piece performed by one, or a poor subject taken by the other, give more pleasure by the manner in which they are treated, than a good piece of music, and a sublime subject in the hands of artists that have not the means by which effects are produced, in subjection to them. To a good painter or musician this illustration was needless; and yet, by them only, perhaps, it will be felt and understood.

By way of addition to this sketch of Gainsborough, let me mention a few miscellaneous particulars.

He had no relish for historical painting—he never sold, but always gave away his drawings; commonly to persons who were perfectly ignorant of their value*. He hated the harpsichord and the piano-forte. He disliked singing, particularly in parts. He detested read-

* He presented twenty drawings to a lady, who pasted them to the wainscot of her dressing-room. Sometime after she left the house: the drawings, of course, become the temporary property of every tenant.

ing; but was so like Sterne in his letters, that, if it were not for an originality that could be copied from no one, it might be supposed that he had formed his style upon a close imitation of that author. He had as much pleasure in looking at a violin as in hearing it—I have seen him for many minutes surveying, in silence, the perfections of an instrument, from the just proportion of the model, and beauty of the workmanship.

His conversation was sprightly, but licentious—his favourite subjects were music and painting, which he treated in a manner peculiarly his own. The common topics, or any of a superior cast, he thoroughly hated, and always interrupted by some stroke of wit or humour.

The indiscriminate admirers of my late friend will consider this sketch of his character as far beneath his merit; but it must be remembered, that my wish was not to make it perfect, but just. The same principle obliges me to add—that as to his common acquaintance he was sprightly and agreeable, so to his intimate friends he was sincere and honest, and that his heart was always alive to every feeling of honour and generosity.

He died with this expression—"We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the party"—Strongly expressive of a good heart, a quiet conscience, and a love for his profession, which only left him with his life.

ORIGINAL VERSES OF THOMAS PAYNE,

COMMUNICATED BY A LITERARY FRIEND.

THE following lines to the memory of the famous General Lee, who deserted this country, and served the American cause, were written by the still more famous CITIZEN THOMAS PAYNE, and are said to be the only poetical attempt of that energetic pen:

Warrior,

Warrior, farewell! eccentrically brave,
 Above all kings—and yet of gold the slave :
 In words a very wit—in deeds less wise,
 For ever restless—yet could never rise;
 At least no higher than to meet the ground;
 If strong the blow—the greater the rebound.
 Of all men *jealous*, yet afraid of *none*;
 In crowds for ever—ever still alone :
 At once the *pride* and *bubble* of a throng,
 Pursuing *right*, and yet for ever *wrong*.
 By nature form'd to *play* the monarch's part—
 At best a true republican at heart :
 But to cast up the aggregated sum—
 Above all monarchs, and below all scum.
 Unsettled virtues with great vices mix'd,
 Like the wide welkin, where few stars are fix'd.
 Rest, restless chief! thy sword has taken rust,
 Peace to thy manes—honour to thy dust!

NEGLECTED MERIT.

RICHES, not merit, is the criterion by which, though falsely, we estimate worth. The shoeless mendicant who craves your bounty, had he been rich, might have proved the companion of your pleasures. Whence then, arises a depravation of judgment so inimical to the interests of humanity, but from the vitiated state of society? Were mankind from their youth taught, to prefer intrinsic virtue to exterior pretensions, the contemplation of merit in the garb of poverty, would not so often obtrude itself upon our minds.

Adversity, too often the attendant of modest worth, pursues with relentless assiduity the hapless victim of its influence. Stretched on a bed of straw, lies the possessor of virtues which might embellish a diadem; while ignorance and impudence ostentatiously display the palm due only to the exertions of mental excellence.

Can the contemplative mind behold with patience the
 rewards

rewards assigned to the servile supporter of a party, while independent patriotism is suffered to expire in distress? Yet, how often have the annals of the world been sullied with such dark recordances! Would not the honest soul of an unenlightened Indian burst with indignation, if informed that an Otway and a Chatterton, two of the noblest ornaments of humanity, though, like Tantalus, surrounded with the ostentatious display of luxurious plenty, breathed forth their spirits in the regions of want, while wretches whose only virtue was servility, whose only talent hypocrisy, attained the highest summit of favour and distinction? It has been asserted, that the ambition of an Englishman is more amply gratified by an honorary medal, or a sepulchral monument, than by pecuniary presentations. This, in some measure, may be true; but does it qualify the stigma resting upon the opulent, who neglect to reward the exertions of existing merit?

Poor indeed is that recompence which the object enjoys not. Fancy may picture scenes of future fame, but future fame cannot allay the cravings of want, nor the dreams of hope substantiate ideal comforts.

“Can storied urn, or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?”

Can all the honours heaped upon the memory of deceased virtue, atone for one hour of mental anguish, for one hour of bodily pain?—Surely not.—Let us then, instead of expending vast sums in the erection of monumental remembrancers, apply them to the relief of existing indigence. The memory of virtue will ever find a temple in the minds of the virtuous, and, without the aid of the sculptor, exist to the latest moment of futurity.

SANCHO.

AN ORIGINAL PORTUGUESE TALE.

By the late Pollingrove Robinson, Author of Cometilla, &c. &c.

(Concluded from page 19.)

THE haughty Elvira alights, sits down by a tree, and in spite of the storm sleeps, or feigns to sleep. Sancho, on the watch at her side, thinks not of taking repose: He sadly looks back at the delightful castle where they might have found refuge from the angry heavens, and without murmuring for passing the night in the woods, he thinks of some means to induce Elvira to return one day or other to the gates of the beautiful castle.

While both were given up to their reveries, and perhaps indulging the same ideas, they heard the sound of a horn. Elvira was instantly on foot. They looked, they saw by the help of the lightning, a knight blowing with all his strength. The same child soon appeared on the tower, and spoke to him as he had done to Sancho. "Open, open," replied a young female beauty whom the knight had behind him, "make haste and open the gates; my name is Xarifa; this is my dear Abindarraes: we have long ago vowed eternal and mutual love." At that instant the bridge is down, the lovers pass, and it is again drawn. Sancho again in darkness, sigh'd: Elvira dared not. She once more sits down by the tree, and the rain falls heavier than ever.

Our two lovers waited for the day in silence: It shone at last, and the rain ceased. The dawn had scarce painted the horizon when Elvira was on horseback, and Sancho followed her. As they passed by the castle, the happy Abindarraes, and his tender Xarifa were coming out, in order to pursue their journey. Both young, both beautiful and charmed with their reception, they smiling hailed Elvira and Sancho, wet and pale and not much dis-

poled

posed to return a smiling compliment. "I have to reproach myself," said Elvira angrily, "that I did not use force to gain admittance:" "If ever we return thither," said Sancho, "I promise you to use every endeavour that you may have access."

And indeed, the warrior's mind was wholly taken up how to bring Elvira back to the castle; but he was afraid he should not again find the way that led to it. The windings of the forest of Tomar had made almost a labyrinth of it. Sancho wished to leave on the road something that only he himself might again know; but a knight who had nothing but his arms, could leave nothing behind him. Love inspired him with an idea that was nigh proving fatal to him.

He bethought himself of unscrewing all the silver studs which held together the different pieces of his armour. He unscrewed them as he went, and strewed them on the road. Elvira did not perceive it; and, wishing to break a silence which began to torment her, she begged him to give her his history. Sancho told it her with that sensibility, and that kind of charm which ever accompanies the adventures of a lover told to his mistress. He spoke little of his own exploits, nothing of the mistresses he had had, but very much of his good fortune in meeting with Elvira.

This sweet warrior imparted to him in her turn, her birth, and the reason that made her lead an errant life. She had left her father's court to avoid the suit of a knight famous for his ferocity. The formidable Rostubaldo, son of Ferragus, proud of his birth, his gigantic size, and uncommon strength, had presumed to ask Elvira of her father. The king of Gallicia, afraid of Rostubaldo's power, had promised him his daughter; and the young princess abhorring her savage suitor, fled from every place where there was any danger of meeting him.

The story of the lovely warrior gave strength to the flame that already burnt in young Sancho's heart. In

the infancy of love, how afraid are we, lest the heart we wish to conquer be in the power of another ! We tremblingly enquire into every thing that can throw a light on this doubt ; and if the doubt is done away, then love and hope are doubled. Sancho listened to Elvira with rapture. Elvira was happy in telling the same things over and over to him ; and, not yet daring to own that she loved him, she made up for it, by repeatedly declaring that she detested Rostubaldo. During this heavenly conversation, our knight had undone all the studs of his armour. His whole coat of mail hung by nothing round him. But little did he attend to that. All his thoughts were turned on Elvira : His only wish is to engage her to return to the beautiful castle.

As they were turning a corner of the wood, they perceived afar off a knight approaching on a warlike steed. As soon as he observed them, he flew with the swiftness of wind towards them. Elvira looked at him and screamed : it was Rostubaldo. Without ever having seen, the two rivals soon knew each other. The wild Rostubaldo casts a baleful look on Elvira, and sword in hand rushes against Sancho. He strikes, and is struck. Sancho's blow shook Rostubaldo ; but his mail resisted the violence of the shock. The armour of Sancho has nothing to hold it together ; he himself has exposed his manly body to the barbarian's sword, which, meeting with no resistance, cruelly drenches itself in the bosom of the imprudent lover. He falls in his blood : his dying eyes are turned on Elvira, and it was not to ask revenge. The ferocious victor insults him : " Weak rival," said he, " you relied on the courage of your mistress : you thought her valour dispensed you from protecting her : die ; but before you expire, behold her in my arms."

With these words he alights, and advances towards Elvira. Despair, love, rage, were in the eyes and in the heart of the heroine. Approach me not, but defend yourself, cried she aloud. Then leaping on the ground, she rushed like a storm, with naked sword, on Rostubaldo.

baldo. All he can do, is to defend himself. The beautiful Elvira was no more a woman; it was the goddess of war, in fury, breaking down every obstacle that opposed her. Rostubaldo's arms fly in a thousand pieces; his cuirass is red with his blood: he knows not whether he shall fly from her, or turn desperately against her. At last acute pain and dire necessity prevail: he makes use of all his prodigious strength, returning blow for blow, while both champions seem determined to give up the victory only with life.

Love and justice prevailed. Rostubaldo, already numbed by the blow he received from Sancho, and by those of Elvira, is unable to resist his beautiful adversary any longer. He staggers at the very moment that she was upon the point of falling. Elvira observes it, and her strength is redoubled. She urges still closer, and at last has him on his knees, begging forgiveness and his life. "No, villain!" replied she, plunging her sword in his heart; then flying to Sancho, she called on his dear name; but he was senseless! Her tears fall upon his wound, but that balm did not heal it. The unfortunate Sancho, his eyes shut, his mouth half open, has scarce a sign of life left: his blood still pours plentifully from his breast: Elvira stops it. She tears her veil, and the clothes that were beneath her armour, to make a bandage for the wound of her lover. She raises his head; she puts her hand upon his heart, to know if it still beats. Nothing gives her hope: she dreads he has breathed his last. She places her mouth to his, to satisfy herself in the dreadful doubt; and her lips touch the lips of her dying lover. Ah, Sancho! that kiss saved your life! It awakened the last spark of sensibility within you! Sancho opened his eyes! The transported Elvira flew for some water in her helmet: "My friend," she cried, "live for my sake; for my happiness live!" These words reanimated him. He looked at Elvira, pressed her hand, and his eyes told her all that his mouth could not.

Elvira then wished to run and call for assistance, that

her lover might be carried to the first village. "No, no," said Sancho, in a voice still feeble, but inimitably tender; "no, let us rather return to the beautiful castle." Elvira blushed; but owned that she did not well know the way through the mazes of the wood. "I have provided for that," replied the wounded hero, "the shining studs of my armour will guide you to the very gates; I strewed them on the way, that we might know it again. I little hoped it would have been so soon."

Elvira, who then understood the cause of Sancho's sudden defeat, burst into tears of pity and of love. Without answering him, she went and interwove a bed of the softest branches, tied it betwixt the horses of Sancho and Rostubaldo, places her unlucky lover upon it, and leads herself a convoy so dear to her heart, following the guidance of the silver studs.

She had scarce arrived when the child appeared upon the tower. Elvira did not give him time to speak. "Open, open," cried she, "we love, we love for ever." At the words *for ever*, the gates flew open, and poor Sancho's heart violently throbbed with unexpected joy while he was passing the bridge. The care that was taken of him in the castle, joined to Elvira's attentive tenderness, soon restored him to life and health. After a month's stay, they on their knees thanked the beautiful child, flew to the court of Elvira's father, and were, with his consent, joined in flowery fetters of unending love.

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XIV.]

DEAN SWIFT.

THE following little anecdote of Dean Swift, is not to be found in any edition of his works, or any life of him. It was communicated, many years ago, by
 Lord

Lord George Sackville, (who was bred at Dublin University) to the late Captain H. of the dragoons. Prior's well known epitaph on himself—

“ Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior,
A son of Adam, and of Eve;
Let Bourbon, or Nassau, go higher.”

had been parodied as follows, by Matthew Concan-
non—

“ Hold, Matthew Prior, by your leave,
Your epitaph is somewhat odd,
Bourbon and you were sons of Eve,
Nassau the offspring of a God.”

When this parody first appeared, the Dean being at the social board, enlivening a large and brilliant circle of friends, chanced to read it in the newspaper of the day; when snatching the celebrated Stella's pencil, he instantly wrote the following retort—

“ Hold, friend Concannon, by your leave,
Your parody is barely civil,
Bourbon and you were sons of Eve,
Nassau the offspring of a devil.”

The writer of this article gives it on the authority of the late Lord Sandwich, that it was Swift who first dignified William III. (whose memory he bitterly abhorred) with the sobriquet of *Old four shillings in the pound*, so much used in the reign of Anne and the following.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

For my own part, I never pass the place (a little hamlet, skirted with a circle of old ash trees, about three miles on this side of Kinross) where Michael Bruce resided; I never look on this dwelling—A small thatched house, distinguished from the cottages of the other inhabitants only by a *fashed window* at the end,
instead

instead of a *lattice*, fringed with a *honey-suckle* plant, which the poor youth had trained around it,—I never find myself in that spot, but I stop my horse involuntarily; and looking on the window, which the honey-suckle has now almost covered, in the dream of the moment I picture out a figure for the gentle tenant of the mansion; I wish, and my heart swells while I do so, that he were alive, and that I were a great man, to have the luxury of visiting him there, and bidding him be happy. I cannot carry my readers thither; but, that they may share some of my feelings, I will present them with an extract from the last poem in his little volume before me, which, from its subject, and the manner in which it is written, cannot fail of touching the heart of every one who reads it. A young man of genius, in a deep consumption, at the age of twenty-one, feeling himself every moment going faster to decline, is an object sufficiently interesting; but how much more must every feeling be heightened, when we know that this person possessed so much dignity and composure of mind, as not only to contemplate his approaching fate, but even to write a poem on the subject!

THE POEM.

NOW spring returns, but not to me returns;
The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life, with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was;
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass.

The winged moments whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead;
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning dreams preface approaching fate;
 And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true:
 Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
 And bid the realms of light and life adieu!

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
 I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
 The sluggish streams, that slowly creep below,
 Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains;
 Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
 Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
 And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the close of eve,
 When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes;
 The world, and all its busy follies leave,
 And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
 When death shall shut these weary, aching eyes;
 Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
 Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise!

A FACT,

RELATING TO THE MARQUIS DE BOUILLE *.

SOME years previous to the late revolution in France, when the nobility yet held their almost regal honours: a Mr. —, a young Englishman of fortune, who was on his travels, and stopped in Paris, used to spend much of his time at the *hotel* of the Marquis de Bouillé. His hospitality, and personal accomplishments, won far on the esteem of Mr. —; and in

* This "Fact" has never appeared in print.

one *French* family, even in the heart of the most dissolute court in Europe, he beheld connubial happiness, connubial purity! the personal graces of the Marchioness, though in the wane of forty years, yet gave loveliness to the sentiments of a mind that was only to be known to be adored. She was admired and esteemed by Mr. —, as her husband was revered and loved. When this truly noble pair quitted Paris, for their *Chateau* in the country, they requested their guest speedily to follow them. Mr. — had been some weeks in Paris after the departure of his illustrious friends, and was preparing to comply with their wishes, when he received a letter from the Marquis, written in the utmost consternation and anguish of mind. He had lost the wife of his bosom—she was then lying dead in the castle, after having endured the pains of a short, but rapid illness—"she was at peace; but for him, his grief must be as eternal as his love."

This intelligence surprised and afflicted Mr. —, and eager to console his suffering friend, he immediately set off for the *Chateau*. When he arrived at the village, which lay at the foot of the hill on which the castle was situated, instead of the stillness of sympathetic sorrow marking every countenance for the loss of one whose inmost soul was charity:—instead of this decent tribute to the virtuous dead—the bells rang; and the peasants were assembled, dancing, singing, and exhibiting every feature of festivity. Amazed and shocked, he enquired what it meant? The general reply was—"The Marchioness is come to life!"—Bewildered with a hope, he hardly dared cherish, he hastened to the *Chateau*; and there was received with open arms by the happy Marquis. He led him to the chamber of his amiable wife; who thanked Mr. — with tears of gratitude, for the consolation his friendship had intended her lord. After the first hurried observations were over, and Mr. — felt his emotions subsided to tranquillity;

quillity ; he enquired the reason of this blissful change. The Marchioness replied to him, nearly in these terms :

“ My illness was sudden, and so alarming, that the Marquis summoned several physicians to attend me. All their exertions seemed to fail, and they declared that there was no hope ; but consented to remain in the room till I breathed my last. I took leave of my family. And in bidding my husband adieu for ever, a sudden convulsion seized me—and I appeared to expire in his arms. I fell back on my bed, pale and motionless : and he was torn by absolute force from the apartment. The physicians then advanced, and looking at me, declared that I was dead. I was stiff, and cold as marble, and laid in my shroud upon my couch, to be ready for interment. For this part of my narration I am indebted to my women. In obedience to our religion, and in honour of my rank, the room was darkened, hung with black, and lighted with wax-lights ; and the anthems for the dead were chanted morning and evening around my bed. At last the day came, in which I was to be committed to the earth. My husband, who had been detained from the sight of my corpse, hearing I was to be removed, broke from his room, and flying to the door of my apartment, insisted upon seeing me once more. In vain he entreated : his attendants, in obedience to the commands of the physicians, held him fast—but his grief was stronger than their strength ; and with a sudden exertion, he burst from their hold, and rushing into the chamber, flung himself upon my bosom, exclaiming—‘ My wife ! my dear wife, they shall not tear thee from me ! ’—At these words, I raised myself, and clasped him in my arms—he fainted. By the assistance of the faculty he was soon recovered ; and I removed to a warm bed, which quickly restored me to my former self. What I have told you is extraordinary ; but what I have yet to tell, yet strikes me with terror. When I appeared to expire, I suppose I swooned ;

swooned; for I have no recollection of any thing, till my senses seemed to awake at the strains of fine music. I found myself stretched on my couch, unable to open my eyes, to move, or articulate a sound. The voices of the choirsters chilled me with dread: but when I heard them proceed for hours in the solemnity, and my women, who sat around me, discoursing of my death, and intended burial—God knows what were my horrors! the conviction, that I should be buried alive, with all my senses contemplating the scene, almost drove me mad; yet, I was incapable of expressing, even by a sign, that I existed. In this state of distraction and terror was my mind, when I heard my husband's voice at my door—when I heard his struggles—his eloquent grief! O! how my soul was torn with agony!—It appeared ready to burst my body—but when my dear Lord threw himself upon my breast, and in all the torture of anguish, called upon my name, and strained me to his heart—it caused such a tempest in my soul—such a revulsion in my whole frame—that I felt the will, and the next moment had the power, to grasp him in my arms—the rest you already know.”

This relation is a fact; Mr. — is now in London. I am not certain of the present residence of the Marquis: but his late work on the French Revolution, will give him celebrity wherever he goes.

Cambridge.

S.

EDUCATION.

THE culture of the human mind, as education may not improperly be called, has ever been considered as one of the most important concerns of society. Nor is it to be wondered that parents, who know how much the happiness of the child depends upon its education, should bestow so much care and attention upon this important article. The Greeks and Romans, among

among whom were produced such prodigies of excellence in every kind of writing, and in every department of civil life, were remarkably attentive to the education of their children, insomuch that they began their education almost with their birth. In Sparta, children were taken from the mother at a very early period of their age, and educated at the expence of the public. The famous Roman writer (Quintillian) advises those parents who destine their children to the bar, to chuse nurses for them who have a good pronunciation. Various are the modes of education which have been adopted in different ages and nations, but all tend to show of what importance a right education was supposed to be, for scarcely in any part of science has the human mind been more exerted than in the improvement of education; and this desire of improvement has naturally produced a number of different methods of instruction. Nothing can shew the advantages of a good one in a stronger light, than by contrasting them with the disadvantages of a bad one. A person of a good education, has the mind and body so cultivated and improved, that any natural defects are removed, and the beauties of both placed in so fine a light, that they strike with redoubled force. While he who has had the misfortune of a bad education, has all his natural imperfections remaining, and to these are added artificial ones, arising from bad habits, or the pursuit of wrong studies. The former engages the attention of those he converses with, by the good sense he displays on every subject, and the agreeable in which he conveys it.—The latter disgusts every company that he comes into, either by his total silence and stupidity, or by the ignorance and impudence of his observations. One raises himself to the notice of his superior, and advances himself to a higher rank in life; the other is obliged to act an inferior part among his equals in fortune, and is sometimes driven to seek a shelter for his ignorance and impudence, among the lowest orders of society.

THE MILK MAID.

—POOR girl!—I pity thee—cried I—but can pity cure misfortune—can pity relieve the distressed?—*Alas*—How often do we see men—who bear a high character in the world—as devout men—and good christians—who, on hearing of the distresses of their fellow-creatures—seeing a poor unlucky wretch—who has met with a misfortune—by mere accident—that will deprive him of many future happy hours—endeavour to console him with pity.—Their hearts are open to sympathize—but their pockets are shut—from relieving.

—Poor girl!—said I—I pity thee—with all my soul—but that will not fill thy pail.—’Twas one of those honest daughters of the sister kingdom—who content themselves—with the humble—and laborious employment—of carrying milk to the more wealthy citizens.—She had just got her pails replenished—and was returning to her regular circuit.—I had noticed her as she passed us.—On her countenance was painted a lively picture of rude health—and placid content.—She walked carelessly by—humming some lively tune—but her thoughts were not in her tune—nor in her milk pail—nor with us.—She was looking up at the heavens—and seemed lost in awe and admiration at the movements—and the suspension of the clouds.—

And what—said I—to Dentatus—who was walking with me—and what—can that girl know of the laws of gravity?—

She had not passed us more than a hundred yards—when she stumbled against some unlucky stone—that lay in the path—(which, by the bye, proves that people should not bewilder themselves in contemplating what they do not understand)—in endeavouring to recover herself—she let fall one of her pails—and in the attempt to save that—she lost the contents of both.

—Poor unlucky creature!—She gazed first at the

the milk——then at the stone——then at the pails——
 “and so on alternately”——’twas all spilt.——
 She at last broke out in an ejaculation——which,
 though I did not comprehend a syllable of it—I
 readily translated thus “———”.

How precarious and uncertain is happiness in this
 life—said I—to Dentatus.——This poor girl—who I
 thought but a few moments before—to be the emblem
 of happiness——seems now to be the picture of de-
 spair.

She has learnt something however by her contempla-
 tion of the heavens—quoth Dentatus—who is ever
 fond of a jest.—She has learnt how to shape the *milky*
way——Never—said I—my friend, never make a joke
 of misfortune.——

——Dentatus is one of those men who never can
 suppress a witty thought, however ill-timed——yet he
 is always unhappy if he hurts the feelings of any one—
 by what he says:—and will torture his brains to say
 something that will soften the asperity of his first ex-
 pression——So that Dentatus is constantly employed—
 in gathering balm for the wounds—that he is—as
 constantly making.——

——What shall I do?—said the poor girl—when
 we came up to her——what shall I do?——I am
 ruin’d—for ever!——Don’t be unhappy—quoth I—
 don’t give way to despair.——Content thyself—here
 is money—fill thy pails again—and all is well.——And
 for the future—quoth Dentatus——never look at the
 heavens—but when thou ***** ** **

——Your honours would have been pleased—to
 have seen the sudden change—in the countenance—of
 the poor Irish girl—the sudden transition from mirth
 to despair——and from despair—to gratitude and joy.
 —She thanked us.——

Farewell, honest girl—And if it is the fate of thy
 countrymen to be doomed to wretchedness or slavery—
 let us not despise them on that account.——

SIMPLE REFLECTIONS.

" Yes! she must pardon, if awhile
I talk of moments that are flown."

IN the extensive round of thirteen years, full many a chequered scene presents itself to the observing eye.—How often do the feuds of parents deprive their children of happiness! Thirteen years ago Eudora and myself were girl and boy: she was lovely; we both were innocent. Vice had not then displayed her gay allurements to attract us from the paths of virtue, and before the ray of reason had arisen to light us through the road of life, a long separation deprived us of that sweet converse of which an innocent attachment is alone capable. Past pleasures were forgotten in the enjoyment or pursuit of others, and those faint images which recollection sometimes delineated, were almost erased from the youthful mind.

Still might we have remained, unknowing and unknown, had not chance, which sometimes proves itself a friend, favoured us with its assistance.—The addresses of Frederick were paid to an accomplished female. I repeatedly saw her: she was, indeed, beautiful; but whether the perfections of her mind equalled her external appearance, I had not then an opportunity of proving. Her name did not strike me, nor did a single feature recal to my remembrance one whom I had known before.—But it was Eudora, it was that Eudora whom in my childhood I had loved. This I knew not till long after, and then my seductive friend had deserted the fond object of his inconstant choice — *Seductive!*—can the admirer of virtue cherish the flame of friendship for the seducer of innocence?—It is strange! I meant it not, however, in the full extent of the word: Eudora's virtue was still secure: but the affections may be seduced while the soul shall remain uncontaminated. It is strange, however,

" That man, thus privileged to ruin souls,
Shall rove about undaunted,"

shall

shall still preserve his interest and his honour; and be carested by all;

————— “ While the wretch
Whom he hath made, must either die unseen,
Or plunge in deeper guilt, and fall for ever.”

Kind chance again effected an interview, and my good genius bade me improve the happy opportunity. I found her superior to the fondest wish my soul could have framed. United to a form, which for its loveliness an angel might adore, she possesses a mind replete with every excellence that can enrich the human intellect. The complacent smile of conscious rectitude, still illumines her lovely features, and a mild suavity of manners enhances the value of her conversation.

O thou **BENEFICENT BEING**, who hast hitherto protected the wayward steps of my youth! if ere my fervent oraisons proved grateful to thy ear; if to call Eudora mine would be a blessing; (and surely it must be such!) O hasten the happy moment, when our united thanks shall daily reach the blissful mansions of the just.

Willingly would I throw myself at her feet, and declare the ardour and sincerity of that passion, which the balmy breath of friendship blew into a flame, did I not know that

“ The soul of sensibility can feel
Thorns that on vulgar minds inflict no smart.”

Perhaps a too hasty declaration might lacerate those wounds which the all-soothing hand of time has scarcely healed; and I would not offer violence to the inhabitant of that bosom, whom I would rather die than injure.

Thy virtues, lovely girl! can alone compensate for my deceased, lost love. Every bright endowment which beamed forth in her bosom, shines with equal if not superior radiance in thine.—But, perhaps, while

my breast swells with cheering hope, thou art cold to my wishes, as the urn of her for whom so often I have dried the gushing tear. Yet will I still indulge the fond thought—for it is soothing to my soul—that the assiduous attentions of an honest heart will not pass disregarded by the gentle spirit of Eudora.

HORTENSIVS.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XIII.]

The vulgar thus through imitation err.

POPE.

I HAVE often reflected on the force of example, and I am convinced that it requires a degree of fortitude or self-possession, far beyond the common character of men, to refuse an almost implicit obedience to the habits of those with whom we associate. It has been said, as an excuse for this propensity to imitation, that so far from considering it a weakness in the human character itself, leading us on to vice, we ought to estimate it in a very different way—that as we imitate through affection to our friends or companions, our conduct must therefore be meritorious, and, if a failing, a failing of the most amiable description. This, however, will not excuse us: it has more of ingenuity than truth, more of compassion than justice.

What are we most apt to imitate—the vices, or the virtues? Those excellencies which require great denials as well as exertions on our parts—or those foibles (as politeness would term them) in the character of another, which seem to indulge our own extravagancies, and to extenuate what they indulge? It has been well observed, that the flaws of an exalted mind, form too often the only merit of its copyist. Let us appeal to experience,

experience. Some illustrious men have had bodily defects; and it became the fashion with others, to distort their own well-formed frames into a caricature of their masters. The great Johnson was uncouth in his manners, slovenly in his dress, and peevish in his temper. What have been the characteristics of our literati, since Johnson? A servile transmutation of his deformities: and they appear to have appropriated little else.

But pride has much to do in this business; at least in humbler life. Place a boy among his fellows, at school; give him all the advantages in your power, and yet, if these do not exactly come up to the means of his companions, he is unhappy. I have seen the cut of a coat, strings instead of knee-buckles, and a shirt without a frill, create as many distractions in his little community, and make that distinction in the estimation he is held in, which might have been justly expected from circumstances of the first magnitude amongst men. He is reviled, or he is respected, as he is enabled to keep appearances with the little circle in which he is placed; and destitute of the reason that discriminates betwixt evils, real or imaginary, he becomes the sport of rebuke, or the subject of envy. When engaged in this train of reflection, I have felt disposed to animadvert on the conduct of parents. They are not properly attentive to these trifles: they do not often consider, that no mind can be degraded without injury; and that to expose their children, who are but children in true wisdom, which is ever built on experience, to repeated mortifications of this kind, is not merely to sour their dispositions, (and that alone would go far with a feeling parent!) but absolutely to debase their hopes, and lower them in the eye of self-contemplation. No authority short of divine, can be ridiculed with impunity to itself. Let the servants once admit that their master is a fool, and his commands are made null. A wife who thinks that her husband is incapable of directing his concerns, will soon direct them herself. And the
child,

child, who shall convince himself of the folly of his father, is not far from rejecting him altogether. A tyrant may be respected, but a fool will be despised. You may make a boy humble at the expence of his spirit, but his humility will be the humility of a slave—a base and crouching humility; not that which is the offspring of reflection, combined with fortitude.

Those who might exult in expectation, that this reasoning, if adopted, would justify the fickleness of maturity, are deceived. Such persons, even in the eye of the law, are of age, and capable of better direction. They are thought to have passed the Rubicon, and should be qualified accordingly.

Alas, it is otherwise! you shall see a young man, straitened in his income, yet anxious to associate with those above him; and, apparently, heedless of that course which must terminate in his own ruin and disgrace. He will be their companion: and then, he is at Rome, and must do as Rome does. If sincere, this must cost him many a heart-ache,—But sincerity is not the vice of this age. The reverse might be stated as such. Men are eager, not that they may appear open to their neighbours, and their actions float on the surface of observation, but to look just what they are not. The man of fifty, would rank as five hundred—and the possessor of a hundred, would insinuate that he is worth a thousand a year. Man as he would be, not man as he is, seems uppermost with us. Every one is striving for an appearance, sometimes taken for the reality, and our miseries are proportionately increased. This may afford us some clue, and perhaps it is a grand one, to the outcry that was raised, among all descriptions of people, against the minister's last measure of finance. This bill (I speak of the triple assessment) has been spurned, not more that it bore hard on the middling classes of trades-people, than that it obliged all who would avoid the full duties of the act, to declare the amount of their property, in mitigation of the demand. They did not
like

like to lie open ; like a person with whom I conversed at the time, and who asked me, though not possessing half the sum, " Would not any one, on surveying this shop, conclude me worth twenty thousand pounds ? " They would fain be taken above their value, and act upon the fame of false credit. It would have been superfluous in me, dwelling as I have done on this bill, even to have mentioned the transaction, had it not evinced the truth of what I have been endeavouring to point out, respecting the general temper of our times, and the alarming prevalence of insincerity.

There is no saying where the malady will stop. It is a disease of the intellect. We are not great enough within to resist the allurements that surround us. That consciousness of honour, which, properly cultivated, would recoil only from shame, has become the parent of false delicacy, and false feeling. The unessentials alarm us ; with the essentials we have little concern. Like some antiquated coquettes, we are decorating our features, and marshalling our graces, when the principle of beauty is no more. We take that for the soul, which has scarcely the semblance of morals.

C.

STRICTURES ON THE LANGUAGE

OF

MODERN POETRY.

I SHALL now attempt, agreeable to my promise in a former paper, to notice some of those false refinements in language which characterize the generality of modern poetry. As language is the medium by which the thoughts of mankind are conveyed from one to another, so it is highly important that we should acquire the habit of expressing ourselves with propriety, either verbally or by writing, as a deficiency in such a qualification

cation will render a ratiocination of the soundest judgment apparently confused, and will dim the lustre of the brightest coruscations of fancy; but when we attempt to influence the sensibility, or to amuse the imagination, it is not merely sufficient to explain ourselves with accuracy, but we should clothe our ideas in such a dress as will not disgust, but will rather please a polite taste. This is particularly the case in poetry, as it ought to be the professed object of the muses to lure their votaries to virtue and happiness by the soft and engaging arts of persuasion, or to rouse them to energy by awakening the noblest sensations of the soul, rather than to instruct by the grave and dogmatic precepts of philosophy. It is therefore in this science, that language should be raised to its highest dignity, and receive its finest polish: yet it is possible that a writer may defeat his own intention in this respect, and may weaken the effect of his production by an over-strained attempt at excellence.

To enter into the proposed investigation, it will be necessary to enquire in what elegance of language consists: here let it be remarked, that under the term elegance of language, I do not intend to include those figurative and ornamental expressions, which are the offspring of fancy, and which were considered in the former essay under the denomination of poetical imagery; I mean only such a choice and arrangement of words, as will form the most pleasing methods of expressing our ideas.

In the first instance then, I apprehend that it consists in the adoption of such a style as will prove most agreeable and musical; every sound should be avoided which does not fall in harmonious modulations on the ear: too great a concurrence of monosyllables may weaken the force of the most energetic thought; the frequent repetition of the same words will prove cloying and disgusting, and if sufficient care is not taken in the rounding of periods, they may offend by an abrupt and premature conclusion; these and some other rules are formed from auricular sensation,

sensation, rather than from scientific principles, and are necessary to be attended to by those who have the ambition to gain the title of a fine writer.

Elegance of language likewise consists in such a selection and combination of words as is new and uncommon: an author may express himself in a style chaste and perspicuous, and may avoid whatever is calculated to offend the nicest ear in the formation of his sentences, yet may fail to interest the generality of his readers, and his finest thoughts may appear trite and unimportant from his using a phraseology that has been debased by common use: the reason of which is obvious, since by a new and ingenious arrangement of expressions, that delight is produced which novelty and variety excites, and in proportion to the avidity and pleasure with which a work is read, the attempt to inform the judgment or affect the sensibility, is likely to prove successful.

Upon strict enquiry it will be found, that *mere verbal* elegance consists chiefly, if not entirely, in the two qualities above-mentioned, viz. a diction, mellifluous and musical, and an ingenious novelty in the construction of sentences. We will now consider how modern writers, and especially poetical ones, are liable to run into extremes in their endeavours to attain that kind of excellence. As the adoption of common place expressions produce a poverty of style, to avoid such an evil many are extraordinarily assiduous to introduce a number of technical words, which have never been brought into common use, or obsolete, have long been discarded; and, as if the English language was not sufficiently copious, every poetaster who has acquired the art of making a few uninteresting ideas jingle together in rhyme, considers himself as sufficiently authorized to manufacture new ones, particularly by forming adjectives from substantives, a species of grammatical transmutation much practised at present; the consequence is, that many literary works are unintelligible to the generality of readers, and those few who have erudition enough to comprehend

comprehend them, are disgusted with that laboured and bombastic stiffness by which they are characterized; for, truly fine writing should appear to be the spontaneous effusions of a superior mind, that thinks and expresses itself in a different manner from the vulgar, and not as the toilsome productions of a pedant, who patches his verses together from old manuscripts and voluminous lexicons.

Another error is the adoption of an exuberant and circuitous mode of expression: many writers forget, that conciseness is a quality which ought to distinguish good writing; hence they use a much greater quantity of words than are necessary to explain their meaning, merely for the purpose of rendering their verses more sonorous and ornamental, without reflecting, that by dilating a thought they weaken its force. It is surprising, that with such a model to form the national taste upon as the writings of Pope, a fault of that nature should become so prevalent, for while the language of that wonderful genius was more refined, and his numbers more melodious than those of any poet who preceded him, he fully exemplified the truth of the assertion, that "brevity is the soul of wit," for, whether it was his intention to inform the judgment, or affect the sensibility, his thoughts were compressed within as narrow a compass as possible, and with the condensed force of a flash of lightning, illuminated the mind and seized all the affections of the soul instantaneously. Though we should not, for the sake of an affected conciseness, admit every trite expression that first offers itself to our notice, or leave our meaning imperfectly expressed; yet, it is inconsistent with the very design of language to adopt a tedious and languid diction; the finest ideas lose their energy, and the reader becomes fatigued by an inane phraseology, composed perhaps, in a great measure, of unmeaning expletives; that may serve to fill up a sentence, and to round a period, without rendering the sense more perspicuous.

But

But it is not a mere deficiency of strength in the style of modern poetry that demands censure; obscurity is an evil still more to be lamented: the wirlings of the present day appear to be of opinion, that to attain to elegance, nothing more is requisite than to express themselves different from other people; hence they not only overload their pieces with that verbose superfluity which I have just condemned, but disfigure them by absurd and affected idioms, and distort their sentences by unnatural transpositions; their meaning is nearly lost amidst a labyrinth of words, and it is not till after reading over some passages several times, that even an imperfect conception can be obtained of it; this is to defeat the primary intention of poetical compositions; if an author wishes to engage the fancy of his readers, his images should break upon the mind before it has time for reflection, in the most distinct manner, and astonish at once by their sublimity, or delight by their beauty! If overshadowed by the clouds of obscurity, they appear at first imperfect and confused, and if it is only by dint of consideration they can be developed, and that, by degrees, they must lose that effect which surprize naturally occasions. In the same manner, if an author wishes to awaken the sensibility, and agitate the various movements of the soul, he should speak home to the heart in a language pathetic and intelligible; if a passage designed to influence the passions is involved in such ambiguity that it requires a considerable degree of reflection ere it can be understood, the thoughts become diverted from their main object, in search of a verbal explication; the powers of imagination in the mean while are suspended, and the fine edge of sensation blunted. It is thus that the poets of the present time overreach themselves by a misapplied ambition to attain to elegance of composition: their taste in writing is something similar to that of the belles of the last century in dress, they hide and encumber those beauties by an excess of ornaments, which they only wish to set off to advantage: they appear to forget that their intention in

writing was to make the public acquainted with their ideas, which, instead of rendering perspicuous, they appear solicitous to involve in obscurity; and, while they puzzle, rather than amuse or instruct, like the Cuttle-fish, they hide themselves in their own ink.

It may not be improper to say something of the use of epithet, in which modern writers are accused of going to excess. Epithets, if properly introduced, are no doubt of the greatest service; they at once serve to improve the sound, and polish the expression: one principal fault in the application of them arises from their only denoting some quality which *necessarily* belongs to the substantive to which they are attached; they serve to fill up the verse, without adding to the description. For instance, supposing an author, in describing a stream of wind, makes use of the term "airy blast," the epithet here is a mere expletive; a blast of wind is necessarily airy: but the word cloudy affixed to blast, heightens the picture, as the fancy not only forms an idea of an atmosphere disturbed by commotion, but, wrapt in gloom, arising from vapours with which it is surcharged. Another practice very prevalent, is the formation of adjectives by the union of a substantive and participle; as for instance, in describing the features of a beautiful woman, we might denominate them "*love-inspiring* charms:" great caution, however, ought to be used in the coining of such epithets, as we often meet with many that appear far-fetched, and are sometimes very obscure.

I shall conclude this paper by observing, that the various false refinements of language now in use, are not only productive of the ill consequences I have already stated: but are apt to draw off the attention from more important objects; a mind perplexed by a fastidious scrupulosity in the management of words, and jaded by a laborious search after florid and unnatural expressions, becomes incapable of exerting its noblest faculties. Hence the union of a pompous diction with an extreme poverty of sentiment; and, hence it is that the correct harmony

harmony of modern poetry only serves to lull the sensibility, for want of a sufficient pathos of conception, or liveliness of fancy. We may be attracted at first by the profusion of ornament, and the ear may be soothed by a melodious versification; but, before we have waded through some poetical productions, we find ourselves overpowered by a listless satiety, and perceive that they are incapable of interesting, as we scarce understand or remember what we have been reading: indeed the muses appear to have arrived at a state of dotage, and their song, like that of most old ladies, has degenerated into a mere lullaby, fit only to hush us into forgetfulness by its dull and unimpressive monotony.

JOHN JAMES PEAT.

THE PLAINTIFF.

[No. VIII.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PLAINTIFF.

SIR,

I DO not know whether you will deem me worth hearing, but I think that you ought to hear me.

If you boast any knowledge of this town—and you seem to me to know something about it—you have noticed a class of vagrants called ballad-fingers. They are the pest of the metropolis. We have, it is true, acts of parliament against them; but then there is no one who will put them into execution. The other day I was taken extremely ill, at the house of a friend: it was just after dinner. He advised me to sleep—and I put myself into the posture of repose. I had just began to rest, when I was disturbed by a most hideous yell, exactly under the window. I think I never remembered any thing so horrible as it sounded at the moment

of alarm. The ditty of Barbara Allen, which I thought had been forgotten these fifty years, was the cause of my affright. It was chaunted, or rather tolled, by four of the most dismal of ballad-singers.—A man whose notes were perfectly cracked, and gruff: his woman, who, if she did any thing, fairly shrieked: and two wretched little brats, who screamed without measure, without meaning, and without sound. My health was absolutely impaired for two days by this horrible quartetto; and my ears are not quit of them to this hour. This is not all. I have a melancholy picture to exhibit, effected by these mutilators of public peace. More than one instance has been given me of females in a state of pregnancy, who have suffered by the same means. And I am but recently informed of a lady, so near her time as to be confined to her chamber, who, frightened into hysterics by a trio of ballad-singers, but narrowly escaped all the horrors of a miscarriage. A long list might be added to these evils. Our servants are constantly loitering in the streets, to learn the last new song; and in the same way are the apprentices prodigal of their time, to the neglect of all just employment, and the utter contempt of all decorum. You would be surprized, sir, could I enumerate the number of women-servants whose money has been squandered in the purchase of our Grub-street harmony. I knew a gentleman who complained, not merely of this (that his servant spent the money in songs, which had bought her, if otherwise directed, her tea, and some part of her cloaths) but he assured me that a good room in the second floor of his house, lately white-washed, painted, and papered, was defaced from top to bottom with a new covering of ballads. He had also heard the like from several of his acquaintances. These, I should think, were serious allegations, though one more important remains.

Would you have imagined, Mr. Editor, that these ballad-singers add to their other enormities, the diffusion

fusion of licentious principles: that they deal out jacobinism by wholesale! Take it home with you, that they are employed in this detestable traffic; and that they mar our repose at every corner. Reflect well on these circumstances, examine, and combine them, and I suggest that the result of your process will be given for the suppression of this nuisance—the whole body of ballad-singers.

I am, Sir,
Yours, &c.

VERAX.

SERED AND TEKAH;
OR, THE TWO DERVISES:
A PERSIAN TALE.

By G. WALKER, *Author of "Cinthelia, or a Woman of Ten Thousand."*

IN the delightful valley of Mernon, where the seasons glide in sweet succession, scattering their varied profusion, resided two Dervises, who seemed to have selected this retreat as the asylum of meditation and repose. The names of these philosophers, who inhabited different recesses, were Vishni and Salem—Vishni appeared mild and humane, sighing at the faults of his fellow-creatures, and lamenting the depravity of man. He taught that Alla had created the human race for the best of purposes, and that it was reversing infinite benevolence to suppose that the crimes of a finite being should receive eternal punishment.

Salem, on the other hand, was of a more austere disposition, he had intimately known the viciousness of human nature, and almost detested the species, for its crimes, its outrages, and its tyranny. He taught, that

few would enter the gardens of Paradise, nine-tenths of mankind being doomed to eternal torment.

Such were the sentiments these reverend men daily inculcated in all who attended for instruction, and such were the tenets they instilled into the minds of two youths whom the piety of their parents had placed beneath their care.

Sered was the pupil of Vishni, but unworthy of so benevolent a preceptor—He was careless beneath his instructions, because the rod of punishment was never suspended over his head; and the praise of the worthy, he was at some *future* period to receive, as yet had not taught his heart to sigh with emulation. He imbibed naturally from his instructor all the maxims which the wise have produced, and he knew perfectly well the value of learning and morality: yet was he frequently led into faults, because he had no expectation of punishment, and the temptation of the present, always overcame the hopes of the future.

Tekah was of a violent capricious disposition. The indulgence of his parents had led him to suppose that all must bow to his will, or stoop to his desires. His pride quickly received a check beneath the hands of Salem, and punishment followed a crime, certain as the rolling thunder succeeds the illuminating flash. His natural disposition was corrected by his terror of consequences, and his imagination was restrained by the fear of that punishment a future life suspends over the secret criminal.

Such were the sentiments of Sered and Tekah, when the views of their parents called them to Ispahan. They were now placed beneath the care of respectable merchants, who taught them the art of exchange, and the science of speculation. Tekah was frequently tempted to deviate from the line of honour, in pursuit of those emoluments a clandestine transaction held out, but the fear of detection, or the terror of a future retribution, stayed his hand. Character with him was
a sacred

a sacred garment, and he sought to preserve it as unspotted as the priestly robes in the temple of Mithra.

Sered, on the contrary, when an evasion of the laws led to profit in security, scrupled not to grasp at gain—He listened not to the cry of humanity, rather seeking by enhancing the price of grain, in which he dealt, to extort the last *cox* from the poor. He lent money to the distressed at extravagant interest, and formed connections with wandering Arabs, whose plunder he secretly vended.—Yet, in the eyes of men, he appeared the pattern of mercantile integrity. The applauses of men were however insufficient to restrain Sered from clandestine malevolence, and the slight restraint they imposed, became every day less: the influence of avarice and pleasure repressing the voice of honour and virtue.—Such were the characters of the two friends, who being liberated from the authority of their parents, resided in superb buildings adjoining each other.

One evening in the cool of the day, Sered wandered along the banks of the golden Zanderat, to enjoy the western breezes, which perfumed the air with the fragrance of roses and jessamine; while the curling water glided by to join in the embraces of the Tygris. He was revolving in his mind new plans of profit, and new schemes of extortion, when a gentle voice from a grove of dates and pomegranates arrested his feet. He paused, then advancing to listen, entered the grove, and found himself before a little cane dwelling, surrounded with a garden of flowers.—On a bank of violets and lilies sat the beauteous Nour Hali, lulling her infant sister to sleep. Not expecting strangers, her veil was thrown aside, and her exquisite features were suffused with a blushing confusion, giving increased animation to her large black eyes, which for a moment glanced upon Sered, then eagerly sought the veil, beneath which modesty conceals itself. Sered was confounded and astonished at the charms of the blushing maid. His haram contained some of the finest women

of

of the East, but all their charms united, could scarcely equal those alone possessed by Nour Hali.—What a prize! thought he, she will be the pearl of my haram, and the gem of my delight. He instantly addressed her in the language of affection, intermingled with the blandishments of wealth, and the allurements of pleasure, but the heart of the virgin was inattentive to his representations, and cold to all his caresses.

The pride of Sered was hurt.—Could he be refused by a peasant's daughter, a slave, one whom he could sell to the merchants?—He arose haughtily, and returned deeply musing towards Ispahan. On the way he reflected that some prior passion must have possession of her bosom, or it was impossible she could withstand riches, pleasures, and a person handsome as himself—but then—who, except a peasant, could be the object; and should so unworthy a competitor snatch from the arms of *Sered* a gem of such inestimable value—"No," cried he, "those dreamers who believe in future punishment, might be deterred from violence in gratifying their will, but my dear Vishni has taken from me such foolish prejudices.—If I do not enter the gardens of Paradise, I shall lose all existence, and what then!—I will enjoy pleasure, while pleasure is within my grasp."

The following evening, when the sun was departed to the great desert, Sered again took his way along the banks of the Zanderat, musing on the charms of Nour Hali, and meditating designs of possession.—No wind agitated the foliage, as he silently entered the grove; cautiously advancing, like the insidious serpent through the sheltering herbage. Before the door he paused to listen: the silver voice of Nour Hali was tuned with peculiar harmony, not in singing pastoral ditties, but in discourse with a voice rougher and more sonorous—"Ah," cried Sered, to himself: the blood rushing to his face, "now I shall see what dog is preferred to Sered." He immediately entered, and the timid maid
trembling

trembling at his baleful sight, cast herself into the arms of her lover for protection.

"Quit this place," cried the young man, in an agitated voice, "let not my lord stoop to destroy the tranquillity of his servants."

Sered was nearly choaked with passion, at this familiar remonstrance from one of his own slaves. He paused a moment, then with eyes glowing as the red vapour of the sandy waste, he cried out—"Nolah, is it you who interfere with the pleasures of your master? Take that refractory slave to my haram."

"She is a free woman," replied Nolah, "I dare not offer violence to one of her situation and sex."

"Miscreant," cried Sered, stamping and grasping his dagger, "who art thou that despiseth my will? Stand aside, and let me conduct this reptile."

So saying, he grasped the maiden by the arm, and was dragging her from the hovel, when her lover unable longer to contain, endeavoured with gentle violence to rescue her. The passion of Sered having blinded his caution, he plunged his dagger in the breast of his slave, who fell prone at the feet of his mistress. Sered was for a moment confounded, and having quitted his grasp of Nour Hali, she fled with distracted steps from the cottage.

"Shall I lose her thus?" cried he, hastening after her, "what signifies the death of a slave, who dared to impede my will." The flying maid hastened with feet that defied the wind, and perceiving two persons at a distance, she fled forward, sinking exhausted at their feet. Sered now halted in pursuit, his garments were tinged with the blood of a slave, and self-preservation turned his steps to his palace, where he brooded over his loss, and consoled himself for the outrage with the idea, that all his perceptions would be lost, when he should have passed the present scene of existence.

The persons to whose succour Nour Hali was accidentally obliged, were Tekah and a merchant, whom
the

the beauty of the evening had tempted to wander beyond the precincts of the city. Tekah was instantly struck with the graces of the suppliant, and raising her, with a smile, assured her of protection, and prevailed upon her to take a temporary refuge in his palace.

Having dismissed his friend, Tekah flew to the chamber, where he found the weeping fair.—He sought to sooth the grief which swelled her bosom by the kindest expressions; proposing to send to her residence for intelligence, requiring in the interval her participation in a trifling repast he had ordered of the most delicious viands.

Her beauty every moment impressed itself deeper into his heart. He had hitherto avoided the female sex, lest his attention should be inclined from the accumulation of wealth; but all his resolves now melted away, like the dripping honey from the comb. He hoped, from the account of Nour Hali, that her lover was slain, and he trembled for the return of his messenger with as much anxiety as herself. He came, but his information was obscure, the hut was without inhabitants, and the blood upon the ground remained.

Nour Hali was inconsolable, she flattered herself that her lover was yet alive, and dreaded the increasing warmth of Tekah, whose expressions exceeded the limits of friendship.

For several days she remained imprisoned in the apartments of the women—She was visited alone by Tekah, and his offers were now urged with all the fervor of love, and the softness of a first and genuine passion. But professions, sentiments, and all the luxuries his situation allowed him to supply, made no impression on an heart already attached, and Tekah saw his offers despised and his love rejected.

Education alone had fixed a curb upon his rugged passions. He trembled at crime, not from its moral turpitude, but the dread of retribution. Here, however, was a female, reduced by a singular event, totally within

within his power ; she had rejected his offers of lawful union, and the fever of his mind was not to be allayed with disdain. Lament measures but encreased her opposition, and force he resolved to substitute.

He brooded for several days over this expedient, recoiling from the moment of execution, as he trembled lest the senses of the maid should be impaired by the shock of suspended terror. These considerations changed the medium of his purpose, and substituting a drug, he proposed, when her mind should be absorbed in inanity, to reduce her to his will.

Several days Sered sought in vain for Nour Hali, examining the slave markets, and prying into every abode, nor was her total seclusion less unaccountable than the disappearance of Nolah, whose body had been conveyed away by some secret agent. Unable to forget the beauty of her person, he spent hours on his terrace, which he traversed with painful agitation. Its situation overlooked the gardens of Tekah, and he beheld, in the cool of the evening, a female figure, whose air and mien reminded him of his loss.—Transfixed to the spot, his eyes alone wandered after her, and his doubts gave place to certainty, when her angelic features were discovered beneath her veil, which the wind agitated at pleasure.

“ The wretch,” cried Sered, “ he confines in his haram the woman on whom my soul delights. He shall return her to my arms, or I will hurl ruin upon his head. He sent instantly to Tekah, requiring his presence upon concerns of importance ; but all his arguments could not prevail on him to dismiss Nour Hali, and it was with difficulty Sered restrained himself from violence on the spot.

Tekah left the raving Sered, to determine some plan of vengeance himself. More than ever resolved on securing the reluctant maid, before accident should have power to tear her from his possession—he prepared a sumptuous collation, mingling with her sherbet the drug
he

he had procured, and whose effects soon began to shade in torpor the senses of Nour Hali. A slave, the only female servant in his house, conducted her to her chamber, while Tekah hastened to take possession of his ill obtained prize. The first prayer of midnight was passed, when he advanced to the chamber of the slumbering virgin:—her cheeks were tinged with the vermilion of the rose, and innocence sported on her features. Tekah paused a moment in silent and trembling awe. His scruples and his fears rushed again upon his soul—"What a wretch am I?" muttered he, "shall I destroy all the hopes and tranquillity of a bosom so serene?—Shall I become a monster, and be blasted by the frown of Omnipotence?—The gardens of paradise I could forego; for paradise possesses no sweet more perfect than this!—But shall I hazard eternal and inevitable destruction; shall I wake upon me the vengeance of inscrutable and unerring Alla? No, no; it must not be:—triumph, Nour Hali, thy virtue has conquered!"

At this moment a loud shout burst upon his ears. He retired from the chamber in disorder, when rising flames gleamed upon his sight, and cracking fire thundered around him. A slave whom he knew not, rushed towards him—"Save yourself," he cried, "your palace is in flames; follow me."—"First," cried Tekah, "duty demands me elsewhere. In yon chamber you will find a valuable casket, preserve it. I depend on your honour." The slave seized the casket, and hastening towards the garden, met Sered in his way—who was already searching the house in pursuit of Nour Hali, hoping to convey her away in the tumult himself had caused, by firing the palace of Tekah.

The slave, who was no other than Nolah, (whom fate had conducted to the spot the moment the flames burst forth,) no sooner perceived his former master in a situation where revenge could be received unwitnessed, than he plunged his dagger into his bosom, and hurled him down the steps, escaping into the garden.

Tekah

Tekah with difficulty rescued the sleeping maid from the flames; but, having conveyed her to a place of safety, he returned to overlook the ruin. The devouring element, agitated by a boisterous wind, had changed its direction, and the palace of Sered meeting its rage, was, in a few moments, levelled to the dust. Its iniquitous master was saved with difficulty from the tumbling roof, and being insensible from his wound and bruises, was conveyed to the house of a neighbour, where, in his delirium, he accused himself of so many crimes, together with the present outrage, that it became necessary to inform the Cadi, who issued a writing of detention, till the affair should be more minutely examined.

The palace of Tekah had suffered only in the womens' apartments; but the slave who had taken the jewels was no where to be found, and a reward was proclaimed for his recovery; to which his indiscretion in offering the gems for sale, soon after led.

Sered appealed from the power of the Cadi to an higher tribunal; and the sultan resolved in person to witness the trial of a man, who had accused himself in the ravings of delirium.

The hall was extremely crowded, but Sered (though labouring under personal derangement) had recovered his reason; and there being no positive accusation, the sentence of acquittal was about to be pronounced, when the dervises Vishni and Salem entered the hall.

Unmindful of the royal presence, they advanced through the crowd, and placing themselves at the foot of the throne, Salem bowed thrice, and began—

“Sovereign of kings! deign to receive instruction from the incidents before you; and ye people, attend the moral of this transaction, and be wise!—Sered is guilty—because reason, without a dread of future punishment, is unable to restrain the violence of human passions:—his own vices have brought upon him his present sufferings: already is the work of retribution begun.—Tekah is innocent—not from inclination, but

the force of education, which induced him to tremble at the consequence of crime. The first virtuous action of his life, arising from purity of intention, was preferring the safety of Nour Hali to his own, to the casket of jewels, and this action will be rewarded by the love of that amiable maid:—gratitude already fills her heart. Her lover, the weak-minded Nolah, was rescued from death by my care. It was I who sent him to warn Tekah of his danger; but the temptation was too strong; he fancied to escape detection, but the eye of Providence was upon him, and while he grasped the gems, he forfeited life and Nour Hali, who, from the moment she learns his perfidy, will despise and detest him.—O then, ye people! and thou, O Sultan! be assured, that if sometimes justice lifts the sword and poises the scale in this life, much more shall the next be accountable for the actions of the present!—Vishni, who stands there, wrapped in confusion, is an evil genii, who insidiously, and by representing man in false but glittering colours, dazzles and deceives your minds; believe neither him nor his doctrine.” “And how,” cried the sultan, “shall we believe thee?”—“This,” cried Salem, his eyes sparkling with heavenly fire, “this is the token of my truth!”

At that moment the hall was illumined with a blaze of impervious light. The forms of the dervises were lost in air; and on the spot where Vishni had stood remained only a heap of ashes.

The sultan was so astonished at the incident, that he caused it to be engraved on plates of brass, which hang in the temple of Ispahan to this day.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

KNAVE OR NOT?

THE very plot of this comedy, as the title seems to hold out, is built upon knavery. Sir Job Ferment, and Taunton, are entrusted by her dying father with the property and guardianship of Aurelia. They conceal from her her birth and her property, and she is, at a proper age, taken into the service of Lady Ferment as a companion. Monrose is the unraveller of this transaction, and in short, the hero of the piece. He is engaged as tutor to Jonas, the younger son of Sir Job; falls in love with Aurelia—on hearing of the secret of her property, which he derives from Mrs. Clack, an insignificant creature, the *chère amie* of one Quake, an attorney concerned in the proceeding. Monrose, perceiving that knavery is the order of the day, assumes the name and gestures of a foreign count in Sir Job's family, though no greater than the son of a poor country curate, and determines to profit by the secret of Aurelia's birth. In this he makes use of his sister. He calls her up to the metropolis, introduces her to Lady Ferment, whose vices have rendered her obsequious to the tutor of her son: and that son, namely Jonas, falls in love with Susan, this sister of his tutor. But Aurelia is attached to Oliver, the elder son of Sir Job, while Monrose endeavours to secure her. Susan intervenes, frustrates by her honest and indeed noble simplicity, the schemes of her own brother, and is finally the medium by which Aurelia regains her fortune, and receives her lover. Jonas is an interesting sketch;—the author might with justice have

coloured it still higher;—but it appears that he has done enough; for, as it is, he has incanted numbers. Nor is Sufan less interesting than her lover Jonas; and the following scene between Sufan and Jonas, is perhaps the best of this comedy:

“Jon. Look! What a sweet pretty robin-red-breast!

“Suf. (*After looking*) Where?

“Jon. Look! Look! can't you see it? (*Locks the door sily*)

“Suf. Where is it?

“Jon. (*Shewing the key*) In its cage.

“Suf. Oh the cunning sly toad!

“Jon. I have her now!

“Suf. How shall I get away? A's a desperate wicked one!

“Jon. Now we are fairly alone, I have a secret to tell you.

“Suf. Ay marry; What be that?

“Jon. Why that I am confoundedly in love.

“Suf. In love be you?

“Jon. Oh lord! Yes.

“Suf. Why, an you be got in, the best way will be to get out again.

“Jon. That's just my intencion, and you must help me.

“Suf. (*Aside*) What i' the name of goodness shall I do?

“Jon. But first tell me what is your opinion of me?

“Suf. Of you?

“Jon. Ay; what do you think of me?

“Suf. By the mackins, I think you bin a queerish kind of a youth!

“Jon. You do?

“Suf. Yea, by the mafs do I!

“Jon. Why then there is a pair of us. But, queer as I am, could you like me?

“Suf. Like you?

“Jon. Ay: love me?

“Suf. Yea, belemmy. (*Jonas approaches, and she pushes him back*) Best when furthest off.

“Jon. Nah now—I want a wife, and I like you.

“Suf. (*Aside*) An I dunno' coax'n, I shall ne'er get away. I wish I had the key.

“Jon.

" *Jon.* Am I to your taste?

" *Suf.* I canno' tell. In our town its taste and try. We always bite before we buy.

" *Jon.* (*Going to kiss her*) Oh! with all my heart!

" *Suf.* Nay, nay: hold a blow! Pray now did you ever play at kisses and commands?

" *Jon.* No: but I should like to play at them exceedingly.

" *Suf.* Well, then, I'll learn you how.

" *Jon.* Oh lord, do! That is the very game I want to be at? I would fain both kiss and command.

" *Suf.* It's a this'n. You be to kiss when I command.

" *Jon.* That I will with all my soul!

" *Suf.* And I be to kiss when you command.

" *Jon.* Oh lord! Better and better! Come let us begin.

" *Suf.* Nay, nay, but you be in too much a haste. First we are to pay our forfeits: so then the game begins.

" *Jon.* Come then pay away! Oh it will be rare sport! Here; here. Take the guineas first.

" *Suf.* No. I wunno' foul my fingers wi' they.

" *Jon.* Why I got them purposely for you!

" *Suf.* I tell you, I wunno' come near them.

" *Jon.* Well, well, here's my handkerchief, and my pocket-book, and my pencil-case, and my knife—No; I'll not give my knife: that cuts love.

" *Suf.* Is that aw? Feel i' your coat pocket; for, you know the more forfeits—

" *Jon.* Oh, ay! The more kisses! Here! Take my gloves: two, mind, two; and the key, and—stay, stay! I'll give you my knee-buckles, and my shoe-buckles, and—

" *Suf.* Hold a bit. I ha' enow now. So you be to hold your hat for mine.

" *Jon.* Here it is. Make haste!

" *Suf.* (*Pretending to feel in her pockets*) By the mackins, i' this dowdy dress, I ha' got welly nought about me—Hold—In our town, the lasses sometimes gi' the lads their mittens, and their neckerchiefs, and—(*Bashfulness*) And their garters.

" *Jon.* Do they? Let me have them!

" *Suf.* But then the lads awways turn about, you know, wi' their faces to'ther way.

" *Jon.* (*Turning*) What so?

" *Suf.* Yea, a that'n: but go a bit a gait.

" *Jon.* A gait! What's that?

" *Suf.* More further off.

" *Jon.* So?

" *Suf.* (*Retreating to the door*) Nigher to the wall—Nigher yet—Now don't you turn!

" *Jon.* What, not one peep?

" *Suf.* Oh, no! for an you do the game's over!

" *Jon.* Well, make haste.

" *Suf.* Dunno' you look. Stand stock still. I ha' welly done. (*Having unlocked the door and gone out, she peeps in*) You may turn about now.

" *Jon.* Hey! What! Are these your tricks?

" *Suf.* Look! Look! What a pretty robin-réd-breast there be! (*Bangs-to the door.*)

On the sentiment of this comedy, as—Sir G. " O Lord! O Lord! Thus it is when beggarly boys and girls couple and propagate ploughmen, and weavers, and the riff-raff of the land; who all conspire to maintain such clever fellows as myself in state!" And—

" *Mon.* Grofs villainy! Legal robbers!

" *Sir J.* Are, are, are, there?

" *Mon.* That plunder the defenceless, strip the widow, and defraud the orphan: " yet assume to themselves the port of justice, and condemn wretches in rags by wholesale, ay, to the gallows, for petty three farthing thefts; while their own enormities are dressed out in authority, and law is made the guardian of great crimes and the merciless punisher of the unprotected."

We shall not dwell to any length.

Mr. Holcroft, who is avowedly the author of this comedy, (for it is now published with his name, at the price of 2s. by Messrs. Robinsons of Paternoster-Row,) ought to have known the general tenor of public opinion; and, if he had known it, spite of all that he has adduced by way of preface, have qualified the spirit of his performance. It is by no means our wish to cherish prejudices; and least of all that those prejudices should operate to the detriment of polite literature, and those pursuits which we class as amusements. But (and we are

are bold to confess it) we are pleased with the spirit of watchfulness, that seems, after such reiterated and daring provocations, to be awakened in the minds of Englishmen. If they are sensible of the blessings resulting from order and government; if, notwithstanding its many evils, they on the whole prefer civilized life, is it to be wondered at that they endeavour to confirm the dispositions productive of such advantages? This comedy, for example, is inimical to marriage; and yet the author complains of injustice done to himself, because the public, in full assemblage at one of their own theatres, presumed to reject this theory among others, perhaps a little less offensive! But the play has been sadly scalped, and we have no pleasure in wielding the tomahawk!

Bannister did well in little Jonas;—and Jordan in Susan. Wroughton had sad work with Monrose, as the performer was swallowed up in the part.

COUNTRY GIRL.

ALAS! POOR YORICK!—Mrs. Jordan, willing to perpetuate the remembrance of her own excellence, has taken considerable pains with a young lady of the name of MOLINE, who, under her tuition, has frequently performed at Richmond theatre.—The part adopted for the lady's *debut* was Mrs. Jordan's favourite and principal character—Miss Peggy, in the *Gountry Girl*.—Independent of her *patroness*, we do not think the attempt more daring than, that of *her* own assumption of the for-ever-reigned characters of the *ci-devant* Miss FARREN.

Miss MOLINE's appearance and manner, when in male attire, was peculiarly pleasing to the chaste critic; and her personification throughout was marked with the pencil of propriety, though, in some scenes, art seemed to have gained the ascendant over nature.—Her figure is *petit* but elegant—her voice full, and her articulation clear and mellifluous.—Her action, in certain instances, somewhat redundant; but, upon the whole, she

she is a valuable acquisition to the stage; and, if improvement prove progressive, she may obviate the necessity of our quoted exclamation, when the cold turf may press upon the bosom of our favourite votaries of the comic muse.

COVENT GARDEN.

For the defence of the country—**ENGLAND PRESERVED**, and the *Poor Sailor*. The enthusiasm that accompanied the whole of this night's performances, did honour to the spirit of our country; and its produce, in a pecuniary view, was accordingly great.

JOAN OF ARC.

A miserable attempt at grandeur and sublimity. Not only a deviation from historical facts, but likewise from all the rules of propriety. The *improved* story is wholly devoid of interest and probability; and the incidents are an unmeaning jumble of meanless pomp and empty parade.

HE'S MUCH TO BLAME.

The leading qualification of every dramatic writer should be a thorough acquaintance with the principles of human nature. The only means of attaining this most desirable of all knowledge is, by familiarizing himself with the history of mankind in his various stages of improvement, from the most savage barbarism, to the highest degree of civilization and refinement. By this means he will be enabled to discover with considerable exactness, the various springs by which the human mind is governed; the multitudinous sentiments and passions by which it is generally actuated; and the numerous ends, towards the attainment of which it is unceasingly stimulated. Next to this in course, but equal in importance, is a perfect acquaintance with the manners of the age in which he lives. Those objects that are immediately before
us,

us, strike the imagination with a sensation much more lively and impressive than any which story, aided by the most fascinating eloquence, can represent to our fancy. The praise of those virtues to which we ourselves have borne witness, excites in our minds a sympathetic glow of esteem and approbation; while a lively representation and forcible condemnation of the vices and malefactions with which we are continually surrounded, fortifies the mind against their most powerful influence, and teaches us to consider them with a becoming abhorrence and detestation whenever they might appear before us, or obtrude themselves upon our reflection.

The writer of this comedy, appears to be a man conversant in each of these particulars; and, as such, possesses powerful claims on our notice and attention. He has, by this his production, destroyed the force of the insulung palliative, alledged by the writers of modern comedy for their pantomimical buffoonery. The degeneracy and frivolity of the age, has been esteemed by them a sufficient apology for their excentric and insipid effusions. But this paltry resource can no longer be resorted to. Our author has clearly demonstrated, that chaste sentimental comedy still bears a decided and deserved ascendancy in the mind of a British audience.

One great beauty in this comedy, is the simplicity of the plot. The story has in it nothing of the marvellous and improbable, but is in every stage of its progress easy, familiar, and interesting. The incidents are perfectly natural, and crowd on each other in a rotine of the most strict, accurate, and critical propriety. The characters are delineated with an accuracy scarcely ever surpassed: and their intimate connection with the incidents of the play, renders them still more striking and impressive to the mind of the audience. That of Lord Vibrate, personated by Quick, is an admirable satire on Pyrrhonian philosophy. "He takes," as the author

author beautifully expresses it, "a lanthorn to seek for errors which the sun himself cannot discover." Sir George Versatile, personated by Lewis, is another fine portrait. He is gay and volatile, without being foolish and insipid; and generous without the smallest appearance of ostentation. Lewis played this character in a style of excellence. In the gay and humorous scenes he was what we have frequently, with rapture, beheld him; but in the serious and sentimental part, he surprized us with acting of quite a different cast. He gave great force to the tender and affectionate scenes, and an impressive elegance and dignity to the whole of the character. Pope in Mr. Delaval was not what we could have wished. The part is a masterpiece in composition, and might have been made much of on the stage. It is not usual to animadvert on the conception of original characters, studied under the immediate eye of the writer; but we cannot avoid thinking that Mr. Pope marked several of the speeches with a wrong emphasis, and threw a passion or passions into others wholly foreign to the nature of the incidents in which he was engaged. He played some parts of it, however, with a becoming spirit, and obtained much applause. Dr. Van Gosterman is the most feeble part in the piece; and in the hands of any actor, other than Mr. Murray, would have been insipid and uninteresting. We understand that it had been offered to four of the principal low comedians in the house; some of whom had even rehearsed it, but finding themselves unable to the task, were necessitated to decline the character. It was subsequently sent to Mr. Murray, with an earnest request that he would perform it, as in case of his refusal the comedy could not be brought forward. Under these circumstances Mr. Murray deserves much commendation, not only for undertaking the part, but likewise for the pains he seems to have taken to render it passable. He threw into it a richness of humour which compensated, in some measure, for the original feebleness

feebleness of the character. The other characters have not much of novelty in them, but are perfectly in nature, and admirably interwoven with the plot of the piece.

The language of the comedy, from what we can judge of it by the recital, is easy, elegant, and polished; the dialogue is natural and familiar, and the periods are rounded with much grace and propriety. The wit is chaste and sterling, and flows naturally and unforced into every speech where it is introduced. The sentiments are forcible and animating, and highly becoming in the character, circumstances, and situations of those by whom they are expressed. There are here no puns to catch the vulgar; no low and paltry witticisms to offend even the most delicate ear; nor any pantomimical tricks to excite the plaudits of the ignorant and shallow-minded part of the auditory. The author, whoever he be, has displayed a mind cultivated, enlightened, and accomplished; animated by a sincere love of virtue, and stimulated by a warm and generous regard for those sentiments and affections, which alone can animate the mind under every distress, and exalt and dignify the human character. He has likewise evinced a judgment matured by reflection, and invigorated by an extensive and correct knowledge of the principles of human nature. We are sincerely happy that so able a writer has stepped forward to retrieve the mutilated character of dramatic composition. And we trust that those who have of late aimed at public favour by unsubstantial productions, will from witnessing his success, be stimulated to exertions more gratifying to the public, and more honourable to themselves.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

Under the liberal management of Mr. Macready, the Royalty Theatre, as we predicted in a former number, bids fair to rival its summer competitors. Since our announcement of its opening, a want of room has precluded the possibility of its being farther noticed. The amusements commenced with more splendor than was even expected; but, owing to the *ungenerous* and *illegal* exertions of *certain managers*, and *certain MAGISTRATES!* they were for a time suspended. In place of pantomime and burletta, the sorry substitutes of dancing and finging were adopted, and with success, by a manager whose endeavours to please have proved him to be deserving of public patronage. The law has decided in favour of the proprietors as far as they have yet gone, and we have no doubt but that a farther trial will complete the triumph of justice over wickedness and imbecillity.

The present entertainments of this theatre, consist of a serious pantomimic spectacle, got up under the direction of Delpini, from the popular romance of the *Monk*; many parts of which are happily imagined and as ably executed.—*Martinelli's* fantoccini—*Signor Saxoni's* performances on the tight-rope—*Mr. Smith's* slack-rope vaulting—Interludes—Harlequin pantomimes, &c. &c.

Among the performers are Messrs. Holland, Hayne, Delpini, King, and Wallack; with Mrs. Harlowe and Mrs. Wybrow, whose exertions nightly obtain the plaudits of satisfaction.

H.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1798.

CONTEMPLATION.

WHEN earth we view with wond'ring eyes,
What numerous charms attractive rise,

Devoid of mimic art:

What scents from beds of flowers exhale,

What strength is wasted in the gale,

The hue of health t' impart!

And when the concave skies we view,

Where lambent stars bestud the blue,

When nightly shades descend:—

When, wrapt in slumber, labour lays,

That wakens with the morning's rays

His fleecy care to tend:

And when we scan our fair machine,

This frame, the glory of earth's scene,

More numerous wonders shine:

Our active limbs, our speaking eyes,

With all their nice dependencies,

Proclaim the "Hand divine!"

Ah! how can men, absorb'd in sense,

In futile joys, or negligence,

Unheed great Nature's cause!—

VOL. III.

Q

Ah!

Ah! how, untouch'd, through wonders rove,
Nor praise th' effects of matchless love,
That gave creation laws!

'Tis HE that bids the ocean swell,
'Tis HE that gives the flowers their smell,
And clothes the trees with leaves;
'Tis HE that feasts the reaper's eye,
When 'neath a clear, autumnal sky,
He binds his golden sheaves.

To HIM, then, man, attune the lyre,
With David's voice, Isaiah's fire,
And offer sacred praise:
For lo! the heavens are HIS alone;
And earth the footstool of HIS throne,
And wonderful HIS ways!

TO A FRIEND,

ON THE ABSENCE OF HIS CHERE AMIE.

WHEN separation's harsh, unwelcome voice,
To absence dooms the object of our choice,
Or friend below'd; what then to us remains,
But sad regret, and sorrow-melting strains?
Shades of departed pleasures haunt the scene,
Affright each rising joy and thought serene:
But active mem'ry, ever on the wing,
Like bee industrious, not without her sting,
From trouble's thorny brake should gather spoils
Of riches sweet, reward of all her toils.
Tho' love's keen arrow lodged within the breast,
By absence pointed, steal our wonted rest,—

Involve

Involve in cloudy sadness the long day,
And usher in dim twilight's feeble ray;
Yet ease returning, soothes the grief-worn mind,
But late to woe's despotic reign consign'd,
When time's aerial mist has softness given
To stern affliction's brow, and far has driven
Those dark insidious murderers of our peace,
That lenient hope reject, that never cease,
By prompting still the sad, desponding sigh,
To fill with bitter tears the woe-fraught eye:—
With pleasing calmness, o'er the whole we cast
A thoughtful glance, extracting from the past
Internal strength; for rough adversity,
Tho' close to pain allied, rouses to energy
Some latent pow'r entomb'd within the breast,
Lull'd to repose, and base inglorious rest,
By pleasure's dulcet voice. Yet would I not
With moralizing strain, involve thy lot
In all the gloom of black forboding fear,
Nor cherish fancied woes with useless care.
When kind relenting skies the prospect cheer
With each soft beauty of the opening year,
The swain, regardless of departed storms,
Woos expectation in her varied forms.
Thus, canst thou not with less desponding mind,
Sustain the pains to faithful love assign'd?
The absence which the anxious heart most fears,
Is that which from the soul remembrance tears:
Not such thy state; each retrospective thought
Of her unchanging worth, should suffer nought
Of jaundic'd melancholy's gloomy spell,
To furnish groundless dread, or woes foretell.

With patience wait the soft returning gleam
 Of young delight, and hail his orient beam ;
 Then may thy days with meek-ey'd peace unite,
 And fair enjoyment blest repose invite.

Jan. 17, 1798.

JULIA.

THOUGHTS

ON SEEING A LITTLE CHILD AT PLAY.

O HAPPY state of youth ! O happy child!—
 Ah ! as I gaze upon thy sparkling eyes,
 Thy peachy cheek, fair brow, and careless sport,
 My swimming eyes are full of grief, and him
 Now fading to the grave!—Dear, lovely babe!
 May never sorrow such as mine, o'erwhelm
 Those brilliant orbs with tears, or pluck the smiles
 From those ripe lips, now smiling; yet, alas!
 Vain is my fervent wish, for whether fate
 Leads thy young footsteps thro' the shining scenes
 Of grandeur, fame, or fortune; or, more kind,
 Casts thee in some sequester'd vale of love,
 Embosom'd 'mid affections; still there is
 Some bitter portion for all mortals here,
 Some piercing anguish, that thro' beds of flowers
 Stings the lull'd heart, and bids us, starting, own
 That bliss is not for earth.—Then, happy thou,
 Yet careless of these things; whose simple toys
 Form thy whole round of transports, in whose breast
 In union pure, sits ignorance, conjoin'd
 With innocence:—O pair ! now only found.

In

In infancy, for riper years lead on
 To other things, and, broken now their ties,
 Ignorance points to vice; while innocence
 Finds her best shelter beneath wisdom's hand—
That wisdom, which by deep reflective thought,
 And feelings doubly soften'd, fits the heart
 To be wild mis'ry's palace. Such, alas!
 Shudd'ring I see await thee; while my breast
 Looks back upon itself, and thinks of *him*,
 The friend most loved, and wept for. Time *has* been,
 When I have witness'd lustres such as thine,
 Beam from *his* eyes, and o'er his crimson'd cheek
 Shine like the sun upon a rosy bank:
 I have beheld him, spreading with his looks
 Delight through every circle, while he moved
 Like some descended angel, sent to warn
 All hearts with heavenly feelings:—but, 'tis gone—
 Beamless, and formless now, he looks no more
 All spirit, youth, and beauty; nought remains
 But the fair mind, that lighten'd through those looks,
 Now fairer seen, for, that its, fleshly robe
 Is melting into nought.—Ah! when I gaze
 Upon his form so alter'd, and recal
 The time when he was healthful, when the blood
 Ran in full tides of transport thro' his veins,—
 I scarce can think it he; my senses swim,
 I feel it all delirium, and o'erpower'd,
 Sick'ning and wild, strain to awake again.—
 But then, his dim'd eye's sweetness still remains,
 And when I meet its rays, and feel his smile
 Of angel resignation,—then, O! then,
 The copious grief pours freely, and I feel
 That it *is* he, so dear:—*he* that must die!—

Ah! friend most loved, if such thy hapless fate,
 No unmix'd joy is mine, thine image mild,
 Still, still, must rise before me, and with tears
 Deluge the passing pleasures I may taste.

ANNA MARIA PORTER.

THE BEGGAR.

TIR'D with vain converse, the lone walk I sought,
 For the calm eve invited serious thought;
 And as I wander'd on, in musings lost,
 The moss-grown path an aged woman crost—
 Then sat her down on the cold earth and wept,
 While on her arm a little infant slept.
 She view'd it o'er with anguish'd tenderness,
 And seem'd recounting all her heart's distress.
 Behind the mourner, unperceiv'd, I went,
 And listen'd to her soul-subduing plaint:

“ Ah! I have all the tender pleasures known,
 That social life affords, when my fond son,
 And lovely Margarene, his virtuous wife,
 Sooth'd all my cares, and made declining life
 Steal on in sweetest peace. But my poor boy
 Was forc'd away from each domestic joy,
 And sent upon the dangerous seas to sail,
 To brave the fury of the stormy gale,
 And horrid war's still more destructive rage:—
 (That hell-born monster, that, in ev'ry age,
 Covers the earth with her own children's blood!)
 Onward imperially the vessel rode;
 Each heart for glory panted, and nor fear'd
 Danger nor death. But soon, alas! appear'd

The angry foe ; and Henry's gentle breast
Was by the dread, the murd'rous weapon prest !
To Margarene the mournful tidings came ;
The shock o'erwhelm'd her grief-enfeebled frame !
And this unhappy babe remains the heir
Of nought but sorrow and oppressive care.

“ From painful thoughts I sometimes found repose,
When she participated all my woes ;
For, as she minister'd th' assuasive balm
Of consolation, my sad heart grew calm :
But now that spirit from this sad earth flown,
I'm left to bear my miseries alone ;
And sure with misery my cup is fill'd !
Sickness and griping penury have chill'd
My hopes of worldly blifs. I who have oft
Known the exalted luxury of soft
Angelic pity ; and most joyous felt
When I imparted pleasure, or could melt
By sympathy's alleviating pow'r,
The gloomy madness of misfortune's hour ;
Am now oblig'd to supplicate relief
Of those who feel not for another's grief ;
By alms, unfeelingly bestow'd, sustain
The languid embers that of life remain.
But this distress I firmly could endure,
Although depriv'd of friends, infirm, and poor :
The prospect of that world would soothe my breast,
Where sorrow ceases, where the weary rest.
But when my miseries in death subside,
Who will for this unfriended boy provide ?
Henry ! thine infant's fate had'st thou foreseen,
How agoniz'd had thy last moments been !
Merciful heaven ! this orphan babe protect,
That death's repose I gladly may expect !”

FRANCES.

SONNET,

WRITTEN AMID THE RUINS OF KENELWORTH CASTLE.

HOW indistinct, O Kenelworth! you fade,
 As twilight's mist soft steals upon my sight,
 Lost in the gloom of many a deepening shade,
 No silver moon to mark thy lordly height:—
 O! how time banquets on thy mouldering side;
 Long will he glut him with thy vast remains,
 Till no one relic of thy ancient pride
 Shall tell where Leicester own'd thy fertile plains.—
 When fell that proud lord, faithful to his fate,
 Thy lofty turrets hasted to decay;
 Ambition mock'd thee in that hapless state,
 And ruin seized thee as his future prey.
 O, mortals, learn! 'tis transitory all—
 Behold this mansion! weep for Leicester's fall!

REGINALD S.—

STANZAS TO A FRIEND.

RAISE thy wild harp!—the gentle Warwick cries—
 Breathe its melodious soul in softness round,
 O'er this forsaken ground,
 And float, on liquid strains, a happy lover's sighs!
 Too sick this heart, to sweep ecstatic sounds;
 Too lost this listless soul to notes of joy;
 No happy lover, I!
 But cypresses, dead and dark, my throbbing forehead bounds.
 Faded the year, and false my plighted love;
 Sad in my chamber pass the hours away,
 Each melancholy day,
 Lingering and slow, with sickness seems to move.

The

The chilling blast, that stript yon shiv'ring grove,
Felt her warm sighs, and heard her weeping say,
Tho' doom'd from thee to stray,
My heart will wander here, these fond embraces prove.

False were her tears, and false her honey'd tongue!
False as the winds that bore her ardent vows—
That broke my fond repose,
With the recital of my torturing wrong!—

O woman! parent of unnumber'd woes!
From thee, our misery primeval sprung:
Round thee in anger hung
The loves, the varied loves, man's deepest, deadliest foes!

WILLIAM SIMPSON.

TO SATURNIA.

WITH MY PICTURE AND A GOLD CHAIN.

GIVEN to thy wish, Saturnia! see
The gift so long withheld by me;
For now, when seas between us roll,
When nought of us can meet but soul,
I send my mimic form, to rest
On the white softness of thy breast.

O! take it to that breast, which still,
For me and mine has known to thrill;
And while you gaze on one so dear,
(Washing her semblance with a tear)
Think of *his* form, who once, like thee,
Thought all of sweetness lodged in me.

Ah!

Ah! while you view that boasted face,
Which early grief hath robb'd of grace,
Will *you* not, with a painful sigh,
Recal the lustre of mine eye?—
But languid is its lustre now,
For cyprefs binds my widow'd brow.—

Saturnia! o'er your cheek may health
Still shed its store of rosy wealth;
And never the bright beams of joy,
Or discontent, or care, destroy;—
But, blest with peace, your cloudless days
Still shine in rapture's ardent blaze.

But ah! ne'er cease, in all your blifs,
To prize th' original of this,
Who prays, that soon your youthful neck
A lighter, softer, chain may deck,
With whose appendage you may prove
The sweets of elegance and love.

ANN.

Literary Review.

Memoirs relating to the French Revolution. By the Marquis de Bouillé. Translated from the French Manuscript. 8vo. pp. 564. Cadell and Davies.

(Concluded from page 105.)

AS we proceed in these pages, their importance is proportionally increased. The ceaseless exertions of the Orleanists and the Jacobins to seduce the integrity of the French soldiers; the account of what has been called "The massacre of Nanci," in which the marquis, in spite of all his opponents, stands perfectly acquitted; and his conduct in the king's flight to Varennes, when it was the opinion of the majority of the National Assembly, that his majesty should be put at the head of the army: Mirabeau's tender of his services to Louis the Sixteenth, and the confederation of Pilnitz, form the principal subjects of this narration. Before we account for the latter of these objects, it may not be amiss to state in what manner, according to the judgment of the author, the government of his country might at one time have been saved from the convulsions which it afterwards experienced.—

"In whatever horror I might hold a civil war, I at that time thought it necessary, for the preservation of the king, the monarchy, and France; the duke of Orleans * had lighted up the first sparks, which I extinguished against my own inclination,

* It has been proved, that the troops were incited to revolt by the agents of this prince, in conjunction with the Jacobins and other factions.

tion, as I was very well prepared for such an event. I would have assembled an army composed entirely of royalists, which, being soonest formed, and soonest in motion, would undoubtedly have had the first successes, and this would have served to increase my forces. The king, in the different parts of his kingdom, could command about forty battalions of Swiss, German, or other foreign troops, and about one hundred squadrons, which still remained faithful to him. He would have been joined by the nobility, and a part of the land holders. The remainder of the army would have been divided between the constitutional party and the duke of Orleans, who was at the head of the Jacobins and the lowest class of the people, known at that time by the name of *sans culottes*. It was impossible but that the constitutional party would have sought to strengthen itself by uniting with the monarch, who, in that case, would have had the support of a party which, since the beginning of the revolution, had never appeared to favour his cause. Thus assisted by the sovereign, the constitutional party, there is reason to believe, would have crushed the Jacobins, by whom the monarchy was destroyed: for, again I repeat it, the misfortunes of France are to be attributed to the union formed between the Jacobins and the Constitutionalists, though La Fayette and the duke of Orleans, who were the apparent leaders of these parties, mutually detested each other.

But it is incumbent on us to remark, that the king's flight did not originate with the Marquis de Bouille: when his sovereign communicated to him his wishes on this circumstance, the Marquis represented in return, the hazard that such a step might incur; but finding his representations ineffectual, he complied with the desires of Lewis.

OF THE TREATY OF PILNITZ.

"Some time in August, the king of Prussia, through the medium of his minister at Mayence, desired me to be at Pilnitz on the 26th or 27th of that month, requesting that I would bring with me a plan for the disposition and operations of the foreign armies upon the different parts of the French frontier. This I in a short time completed, and repairing to Coblenz, submitted

submitted it to the council of the princes, by whom it was approved: at this council assisted marshals Broglio and Castries. The king of Prussia appeared to me disposed to succour the French king, and I had no doubt that this interview with the emperor had for its object a confederation between these two powerful sovereigns, to which others would shortly accede; and that a declaration of war would be the result. I set out therefore for Pilnitz, having previously apprized the king of Sweden of the approaching conference, and communicated to him my conjectures: it was to take place on the 27th or 28th of August. The count d'Artois came likewise to Pilnitz, but not through an invitation from the two sovereigns; his object was to solicit their assistance in favour of the king his brother, and the French monarchy. I shall not speak of the principal topics which were discussed at this meeting, between two great sovereigns, who seemed to forget the animosity which had subsisted between their predecessors, and entered into a treaty which was the astonishment of all Europe, but which was of no long duration. After many difficulties, the count d'Artois, obtained from them the following declaration, which having been in part published at the time, may be inserted here with propriety:

DECLARATION OF PILNITZ.

“ His majesty the emperor, and his majesty the king of Prussia, having heard the wishes and representations of Monsieur, and his highness the count d'Artois, do conjointly declare, that they regard the situation of his majesty the king of France as an object of common interest to all the sovereigns of Europe; they hope that this interest cannot fail of being recognised by those powers whose assistance is demanded; they profess their readiness, in concert with such powers, to employ the most efficacious means relatively to their abilities, for enabling the king of France, in the most perfect liberty, to lay the foundation of a monarchical government, calculated alike to secure the rights of the sovereign and the welfare of the French nation. Then, and in that case, their majesties the emperor and king of Prussia are resolved to act promptly, and by mutual accord, with the forces necessary to attain the common object proposed:

in the mean time they will give suitable orders to their troops that they may be prepared to enter on immediate action.

" Given at Pilnitz, August 27, 1791.

(Signed) " LEOPOLD,
" FREDERICK WILLIAM."

" This declaration amounted to nothing. The two expressions, *then*, and *in that case*, positively shewed that the intervention of all the other powers was necessary before the emperor or the king of Prussia would take any offensive and active measures. The views of the emperor were pacific, while those of the king of Prussia, on the contrary, were entirely hostile. Of this I am well assured from some circumstances which I have collected that passed at their interview; and it has been confirmed to me by persons who were in their confidence.

" I now perceived that the king of Sweden had said nothing more than the truth, when he told me that he was on indifferent terms with his crowned brethren: the two sovereigns gave me the most unequivocal proofs of their prepossession against his Swedish majesty, which seemed to rebound upon me. They expressed a disapprobation of his projects, and had these not received some weight from the countenance of the empress of Russia, they would have opposed their execution. I am not willing to believe with some persons, that the emperor and king of Prussia wished to take advantage of the misfortunes of France; but that such were not the intentions of the king of Sweden and the empress of Russia, is at least very certain; both of them, but particularly the latter, being extremely interested to prevent the dissolution of the French empire.

" I was to have conferred with marshal de Lasoi and prince Hohenloe, general to his Prussian majesty, upon the plan which I had been ordered to draw up for the disposition of the armies: the former, however, informed us that he had received no orders to that effect from the emperor.

" This prince apprised both me and the Prussian general, of his desire that we should follow him to Prague, whither he was going to be crowned. I went thither in the beginning of September, but was eight or ten days without receiving any orders from the emperor. In the mean time I learned that the
dispositions

dispositions of the cabinet of Vienna were by no means of a warlike nature; and in justice to marshal de Lasca, I must say that he several times repeated to me his opinion, that a war was not to be hastily entered into with France, the resources of which country were immense, and their frontier impenetrable; and that this war might be attended with consequences extremely dangerous both to the emperor and to the empire. This was likewise, I must own, the opinion of all the imperial ministers. Leopold then wished to terminate the affairs of France by a negotiation. His plan was to form a league between all the powers of Europe, to surround France on every side with their armies, and then to publish a manifesto requiring the French government to restore the king and royal family to their liberty, to reinstate his majesty in his dignity, and to re-establish monarchy upon a solid basis, and upon reasonable principles; threats of an invasion, and an attack upon all points were to be held out, and to be executed in case of a refusal. The king of Prussia, on the contrary, was for immediately declaring war against France; the manifesto, which he considered as a sort of summons, he was of opinion should not be published till the moment when the combined armies should enter the French territory.

“ It will doubtless be thought that the cabinet of Berlin was guided in its conduct by great political views; and that the king of Prussia was desirous of engaging the emperor in a long, dangerous, and expensive war, from which he might afterwards disengage himself, and throw all the burden upon his rival: a plan he has since put in practice. On the contrary, it would be a matter of astonishment were it known how trifling were the means employed to determine this monarch to unite with the rival of his power, and the natural enemy of his country, against the subverters of thrones and monarchies—an union which the habitual politics of the two cabinets shortly after broke, to the detriment of these powers, and their allies.”

“ The elector of Mayence, who was intimately connected with the cabinet of Vienna, said to me, when the French declared war some time after the death of Leopold, “ You are very happy that the French are the aggressors, otherwise, you would have had no war.” This prince, as well as myself, regarded a war as absolutely necessary, not only for the purpose of re-establishing order in France, but, likewise, to preserve the

general tranquillity of Europe, through every part of which the Jacobins disseminated their principles, whose dangerous tendency soon appeared, as revolutions began already to be apprehended in the neighbouring states."

We now come to a more intimate concern. What has been the uniform objection to this war, with a considerable portion of the inhabitants of Great Britain?—"That our court were the aggressors." Often as this affirmation has been disproved, it is yet talkative. To those then who are open to conviction, we would strenuously recommend the following passage:

"At last, on the 12th of September, I received an order from the emperor to wait upon him, and bring with me the plan which he had desired me to draw up. I accordingly went, and was introduced into that prince's closet. His imperial majesty told me, that he had not been able to speak to me sooner of the object for which he had sent for me, as he waited for answers from the courts of Russia, Spain, England, and the principal sovereigns of Italy; these he had now received, and they were conformable to his own views and intentions; he was assured of the assistance and co-operation of all the above powers, except England, which had expressed its determination to observe the most scrupulous neutrality. He informed me, that he proposed assembling a congress, to treat with the representatives of the French nation, not only for the purpose of procuring a redress of the grievances of the Germanic body, whose rights in Alsace and other frontier provinces had been violated by the new French government, but likewise to consult upon the means of restoring order in France, the anarchy of which country disturbed the repose of all Europe; he added, that this negotiation would be supported by powerful armies, by which France would be surrounded; and he hoped, that this method would prevent a bloody war, the last resource to be employed."

Two circumstances have materially contributed to the advancement of the French revolution. While the patriotic part of the community regarded it as a political regeneration, there were those (a very numerous class of

of men among the body of professing christians in this country) who could contemplate it in no other light than as a fulfilment of scripture prophecy, and the just denunciations of Omnipotence on a guilty land. Add to these the inertness of good men, even when they are opposed to civil broils, and it is easy to account for the success of jacobin villainy, and the admiration which its efforts have obtained. In civilized society, revolutions are the result of opinion. Government is at least as dependent upon opinion, as opinion upon government; and abstract speculations will here give birth to opinions the most fatal to the happiness of mankind. There is a sickliness in the literature, as well as in the morals of a country; and the extreme of weakness is cruelty. The French writers, sometime previous to the revolution, seem to justify the latter opinion. Rousseau was a captivating genius; his notions were false, and this rendered him a destructive one. Voltaire has been denominated a powerful genius. For what did he merit the appellation? He spent sixty years of a long life over the loom of infidelity, and presented his country with a winding-sheet.

France, if she had no morals, had once the shew of morality: but she is now stripped even of that shew. France cultivated the arts and sciences: the disposition only remains. Her finance, we grant, was deranged; but she has now no finance whatever. Her trade, once flourishing, is no more. Her sons, once polite in the extreme, are now uneducated and barbarous. By these means she proposes to rid herself of superstition; while deism, and atheism, and ignorance, are set up to bar its return!

Isidora of Galicia. 2 vols. 6s. sewed. Lee and Hurst.

IF every pretender to authorship will persist in satirizing, by their insipid horrors, the genius of a Radcliffe, it is the duty of every critic, most severely

to condemn them. Mrs. Radcliffe seems by the sublimity of her powers, to possess this style of writing almost to proscription of every other writer; she has the talent of giving grandeur to trifles, and over every scene she casts a tint of such matchless grace, that we cannot read without disgust similar incidents, similar scenes, attempted by those who have no talent at all. *Isidora* has but little interest. Its improbabilities are as provoking, as the manner in which they are told is somniferous: and we cannot help remarking, that if the author of *Augusta Fitzherbert* had read *Isidora* of Galicia, she would never have given Mrs. Heugill the vexation of having *Augusta* attributed to her pen.

The Warning Voice. 4to. 2s. Cawthorne.

THE author of this piece, in noticing the "*Invisible Island*" of Mr. Stockdale, seems to apologize for the publication of his own poem: and to think it necessary to inform the public, that "the premises on which they (Mr. Stockdale and the present gentleman) have written, so far from interfering with each other, are as different as could well be imagined." This is the truth. For if any thing can be traced in the *Warning Voice*, that bespeaks the imitation of another, it is that its author has taken pattern by the *Pursuits of Literature*—in the form of his poem, which is dialogue; and in the notes which are subjoined to the poetry.

A. is of the old school, and stands as the representative of the writer; *B.* of the new school. Thus—

"*B.* We are but men, whom high examples sway;
And take as pateins what we must obey.
I ken your maxim: it is, briefly, this—
That kings and princes ne'er can do amiss!
A maxim scoff'd in these enlighten'd days.

"*A.* Then this obtains 'in these enlighten'd days:'

Princes

Princes and kings, alone, can do amiss,
And man's prime misery amounts to this!

"B. Disprove it once, I own your better wit;
Disprove it once, my judgment shall submit.

"A. I grant example a peculiar force,
And trace our manners to its fruitful source.
Our modes degenerate; but nothing more:
We copy gladly what we wish'd before.
That copy gives us one long-sought excuse,
We bring its credence to our darling use.
Else why no copyists of those which seem
To run unfulfilled by the general stream?
When men list eager in that eager chace,
Whose road is error, and whose end disgrace;
Nor ever raise one bright, aspiring aim
To high attainments, and exalted fame;
To private worth, and private peace unknown,
Though all these blessings lustre on a throne:
I see all pretexts which their fancies frame,
As pretexts only to disguise their shame.
On private worth our public hopes must grow;
Or public hopes are but a nation's woe."

Having remarked on the state of female manners and morals, and adverted pretty severely to the conduct of a Miss Susanna Watts, who dedicates a publication to the noted William Beckford, of Fonthill*, it is enquired—

"B. Whence all this evil?

"A. Whence! the answer take:
'Man wakes, then breathes; and dies for virtue's sake.'
But shorn of God, sweet virtue shiv'ring stands,
Without one motive in these mortal lands.

* For some idea of this character—*i. e.* of William Beckford, we refer our readers to page 343, of the second volume of the Monthly Visitor. We would suppose that the author of the Warning Voice is not indebted to this sketch. At all events, we are happy to see that the hint we there ventured to throw out, has been attended to in this able performance.

Our

Our moralizers, by their chemic rays,
 Point erring man to reason's erring maze;
 Then spur him on to some unmention'd goal,
 Without one passion to conduct his soul.
 O men of words! and definitions too,
 Are all your words and definitions true?
 Will man, poor man, who knows no certain guide,
 Save that which issues from a Saviour's side;
 Broke all alliance with his Heavenly Friend;
 Pursue cold virtue with no destin'd end:
 And, void of feeling, feel celestial fire,
 When all his feelings in the grave expire?
 Ye, too, who raise aloud your monthly voice,
 And seem in scripture-reason to rejoice—
 What mean ye, Sages, when ye mean to say,
 That truth may stand, with truth half torn away*?
 And that two powers, by happiest concord made,
 Were better far without each other's aid †.

“ B. Perhaps

* “ During the late controversy, Bishop Watson's Apology was received with less gratitude by the people, than Mr. Paley's evidences. The writings of Agricola had proved that christianity can wholly spare the support of the Jewish sacred books. Were we to indulge a conjecture as to the future religion of the people, we should expect that philosophers may succeed in banishing the Mosaic miracles, but will be inefficacious in their attacks on the resurrection of Jesus.”—Page 547 of the Appendix to Vol. XXII of the *Monthly Review*. This, to be sure, is rather a wide stretch of liberality; but it is in perfect conformity with the temper of this age; which finds “ Justice such an old, lame, hobbling beldame,” that it “ can't get her to keep pace with generosity.”

† “ We will take a little more from this Review.—‘ The government of China is singular in this, that the throne does not borrow any support from the altar; and yet that this throne is, perhaps, the most firmly established of any on earth.’ *Monthly Review for November 1797*. The reader will not fail to observe the dexterity of this ‘ perhaps.’ The other reviews are open, and avow their principles. For one, I heartily respect the general science of the Monthly Reviewers: but that
 respect,

" *B.* Perhaps 'twas candour that bedew'd their tongue.

" *A.* Candour, alas ! is always frank and young.
Whene'er she speaks, she looks with steadfast eyes,
And what she says is said with no disguise.

" *B.* This too is plain ; the great avowal clear :
Have you nor eyes to see, nor ears to hear ?

" *A.* Far be the quibble from reflection's mind !
You know the poison and are seeming blind.

This qualmy goodness in the garb of Ire,
Formed to conceal the tempest and the fire,
Trust me, it owns no undecided flame,

And boasts no merit but a specious name.

Oh, well he saw—who saw all human springs,

What stuff compos'd these half-form'd, candid things :

And well exclaim'd—no greater wounds he knew,
Than those impiere'd by swords his followers drew !

" Wide spreads th' infection. That unsleeping train,

Who eke out principles in search of gain,

(From the first folio* of our hot-press days,

To Pope's quaint Essay clad in Aikin's bays,)

Infect our closets with a splendid waste

Of time and talent, to debauch our taste.

A splendid waste!—Would that the pupil read

Their subtle axioms with a lucid head !

That the whole circuit of the list'ning tribe

Did not, as truth, rank heresy imbibe !

Not the lone heresy of ancient time,

Confin'd to colour, and confin'd to clime.

This last depravity accepts no bound,

Save where nor vice, nor folly, can be found."

respect, I must affirm, is always diminished, when I put it in competition with these principles. It were easy to multiply quotations of this nature from other periodical works. They resemble the encyclopædists of France in every thing but power."

* "*First Folio.*—A splendid edition of Hume's England, published by Bowyer. And for an explanation of the next line, we must refer the reader to Dr. Aikin's neat and curious Essay, prefixed to his very neat and pretty edition of Pope's Essay on Man."

Our

Our author disdains to mince the matter with Mr. Fox. He says, addressing his countrymen,

" A patriot Fox, who will this day commend
What the best wisdom startles to defend;
Avow, when minister, we have no right
To sway the Senate; but forsake it quite *,
When a new minister presumes to say,
Nought but the Senate shall my measures sway:
These bold examples grate thy teeth in vain,
These patriots come—and cut, and eat again.
I hate all parties, when a people cry—
' While parties fatten, we (the people) die !'
I see no merit in the patriot's fate,
Who sees no blemish till the public hate:
Who lives and fattens while the public give,
Then damns the public, that himself may live.
The man does this, whatever name he boasts,
Who yields his country to the invading host;
Or who, less open, would those sources dry
Through which that country draws her last supply."

It is a well known, though but little attended to fact, that the destruction of France was, in a high degree, to be attributed to the supineness of her nobility and clergy. But we will borrow, from the poem before us, a better language than our own,

" REMEMBER FRANCE! what direful havoc ran
Through all conditions when the rage began,

* " This conduct is notorious in Mr. Fox; a gentleman, too, very fond of first principles. During the coalition it was the uniform language of the coalesced, that Parliament was paramount to the people: it suited their conveniencies at that time. Another language was become necessary in this day; (that language is well known to the nation:) and Mr. Fox has adopted it. A map of Mr. Fox's consistency, notwithstanding the many lines which have been drawn by the Morning Chronicle, is yet a desideratum with the political world.

That

That thrones might stand; and stand by that alone
 Which saps all honour, and destroys a throne.
 Her nobles saw, of nothing but the form—
 In mild philosophists no gathering storm:
 In all derision, of a changeless God,
 No man unhumaniz'd, no scourging rod:
 Themselves unfitted for the wholesome yoke
 Of morals, thought the bond with safety broke.
 Remember France! ye who would fast uproot
 The strength of nations; or destroy each shoot
 Which now in this our favour'd island blooms,
 Perhaps with wild, but still with sweet perfumes!
 Think ye these men, in crimes and outrage born,
 Will more respect religion than her lawn?
 Think so, and think it till their hosts invade
 These living shores, and draw the ensanguin'd blade.
 Think so, good christians, till our burning Isle
 Claims the sad grandeur of one funeral pile;
 And the best relics of our ancient state
 Shall pass those seas where Britons once were great!"

He now appeals to the hearts of his fair country-
 women, in a strain at once novel and interesting—

"And you, ye fair, who, spite of thoughtless rail,
 Hold all these charities when men grow pale:
 You will not view, and view without disdain,
 The foul-bred dogmas of each heated brain.
 Marriage, a sacred bond, still, still survives,
 And is, with us, the guardian of your lives.
 Thus with our best prerogatives we bind
 A noble reverence for the female mind.
 But let these finish'd Vandals once obtain
 A rood of footing on your native plain,
 No holy rites shall plead in beauty's tear,
 And all her pleasures prove the source of fear.

"And say, sweet sex! (ye who, perchance, possess
 A son, or husband, whose new creeds distress
 The little circle of domestic life,
 And make a servant what was once a wife)
 What are these men, retir'd from common gaze,
 Who preach high freedom in our public ways?"

Are they not tyrants, whose insatiate will
 Even near affection trembles to fulfil?
 Are not their thoughts in lesser actions seen
 To just advantage?—Impious and obscene?
 Not one, believe me, of the numerous herd
 Who know of freedom nothing but the word,
 Whilst he old grandeur from her bench would hurl,
 Would see one beggar up to comfort whirl*!

Viewing with adequate indignation the inertness of all public virtue among us, and having contrasted our present pitch of refinement with the less polished, but, alas! more nervous eras of Britain, he exclaims—

“Where are thy rich? the men whose stores might lend
 Some able service to a public end—
 They cling still faster to their golden heap,
 And nod, and border on a fateful sleep.
 Oh! lost in opulence! who hear no sound,
 Till death and ruin on your confines bound!
 Your neighbour foes, e’en now well-pleas’d, behold
 This want of spirit in a thirst for gold.
 They note and give it as a proverb born,
 And inly laugh, with soul of deepest scorn,

* “I happened to be lately in a company, where the master of the house seemed highly offended at a pretty, smart girl, who waited during dinner. When the cloth was removed, and the servant had retired, he thus explained to me the nature of his anger.—‘I shall speak to the girl—I don’t choose to see her dressed in that manner!’—‘Why so, Sir? I am sure that she looks very neat, and, if she were my servant, I should commend, not blame her for her appearance.’ He was up—‘You might do as you pleased, Sir!’ returned the gentleman, ‘but I am determined that every one shall see which is my daughter, and which my servant!’—This man was a staunch democrat, and had been contending for a full hour before the dinner, against all distinctions in society. Anecdotes of this kind would indeed be trivial, if they did not explain to us, as fully as a volume could do, the latent dispositions of these reformers.”

That

That he who grapples in the sordid mine
May pass for beastly with a form divine,
They mark his fate. And nought of common birth
Shall wrest his honours from the jaws of earth.

O pusillanimous ! if thou can'st boast
But one grand feature of that deathless host,
Who, with true courage, in the doubtful hour,
Have snatch'd their country from subduing power ;
Resume the laurels which adorn'd their heads,
And call their spirits from the eternal beds.
If these, O Albion ! could behold thy doom,
(A heart desponding, with a frame in bloom)
Each noble fire to human cares would yield,
And quit his heavenly for an earthly field.
Those fires repose ;—but claim thy grateful aid
To fence the spot where British bones are laid."

" B. They love the people—but detest their code :

" A. And burn the castle, while they greet the road !
This is the Frenchman ; and the dextrous stake
Which Frenchmen play, while Britons dread to wake.
This their high policy ; ensnare the child
With hopes most sweet and promises most mild ;
And while the dagger finds the parent's breast,
Lull her fond children to destructive rest !

" Oh ! if these raging horrors must prevail,
And human hope with human succour fail :
If loftiest empires, once unbending, must,
Like man their subject, hasten into dust ;
But not like man one great revival know,
From the dull chambers of the grave below ;
O ! thou Omnipotent ! whose arm enfolds
The burning tide ; and loos'd, the torrent rolls,
From the full vessels of unerring fate,
To overwhelm the grandeur of all earthly state.
Let calm discretion from her shroud emerge,
And stay destruction on his untried verge !
O let some men of prudent worth arise,
Of prudence firm, and pointing to the skies ;
Men who shall mingle, with religious awe,
Their God and freedom, liberty and law."

If after the copiousness of these extracts, which must most fully evince the degree of estimation in which we hold the present poem, it is deemed necessary to give any further commendation to the WARNING VOICE! we can only observe, that its remaining pages contain not merely verses by no means inferior to those here quoted; but lines mostly of equal, and often of superior value.

A Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses, and on the Moral Duties of Man towards the Brute Creation. By John Lawrence. pp. 600. 8vo. boards. Longman.

WE gave our sentiments of this very valuable addition to the catalogue of the veterinary classics, in a review of vol. i. p. 361, &c. &c. The second volume contains full a third more in quantity than the first. The first chapter of the present volume, intitled the Philosophy of Sports, obviously a supplement to a former one on the Rights of Beasts, which idea has of late given rise to so much merriment upon the stage, professes to draw the line of humanity, and to distinguish those sports which may be practised without any unjust inflictions upon the feelings of animals; a very necessary lesson for the reflection of those whose amusements may be involuntarily barbarous and unlawful, and from the force of custom alone. The author has, in truth, very fully explained his meaning by "The Rights of Beasts," upon which phrase we were in general sufficiently disposed to crack a few jokes, namely, that which eternal justice, where providence extends to beasts as well as men, has A RIGHT to expect from us in behalf of those animals entrusted to our power.

In the following chapter we have the stable-practice very much at large, in fact, whatever concerns the horse within doors or without; whether with regard to diet, phyfic,

physic, exercise, or pasturage. Some curious agricultural minutes, chiefly relative to the carrot husbandry, are also introduced from the author's own practice, and in our opinion, the dispute relative to draught oxen is here fairly and finally settled; nor ought any man to doubt the beneficial effect upon the price of butchers meat, which would ensue from the exchanging half a million of horses for oxen. Those who are interested in the question of monopoly, will find some additional remarks on that subject, (perhaps in general very ill understood) in the chapter on Oxen. Mr. Lawrence, it seems, has exercised his pen upon this question in some other work: and, on enquiry, we find he was author of those *Strictures* addressed to both Houses, and so much approved by the majority, on the occasion of the late bill of Messrs. Coombe and Manwaring.

The fourth chapter appears to us (who are however by no means very deep in jockeyship) to contain very ample directions on the heads of buying and selling, and we should also conceive some very sufficient rules for settling the frequently litigated case of warranty; and we recommend this part to the notice of our legal readers. Of the chapter on the Turf, (the author's favourite diversion) we shall only say, that it appears extremely curious to us *non-illuminati*, and that we by all means recommend it to the notice of those gentlemen who engage in such expensive pleasures without experience of their own, and merely on the thought of that of their servants.

The chapter on Veterinary Practice, affords a very good view of it as it at present stands in this country, and we conceive irrefragably proves an important point, that of the analogy between veterinary and human medicine, and the total incapacity of illiterate farriers. We have also a good account of the college, where we find an error rectified, in which we participated with a number of others; similarity of name led us to suppose this author had some connection at the Veterinary Col-

lege, St. Pancras. We however find he has not even an acquaintance there; and in casting our eyes over his very thin list of subscribers, we confess we were not a little surprized to find only one name belonging to the college, and that the smith! appearing in the publication of so warm and able an advocate for the institution. The remainder of the volume consists of diseases and their cure, with a chapter on horned cattle. In this part, particularly, the author has exceeded his engagement, he promised a catalogue of diseases only with their remedies; he has, however, gone very fully into medical practice, and in many important parts from his own experience. What success he may meet in one respect we shall not pretend to anticipate, but he has with the utmost boldness controverted the favourite dogmas of some very high medical authorities; but although he claims not a place in the profession, it is sufficiently apparent his studies and practice have tended that way. We just hinted before at this author's very stinging animadversions upon Mr. Taplin's publication, at the same time that he allowed that gentleman much practical ability—he has here fully stuck to his text in both senses, and in one we think has treated Mr. Taplin in a most liberal and gentleman-like manner; for, if Mr. Lawrence may be depended on, Taplin has no superior in this country as a practical veterinary surgeon.

As to the general complexion of the whole, Mr. Lawrence, no doubt, intended it, by the style which he has adopted, and the anecdotes, &c. interspersed, as a work of entertainment as well as utility—For the political allusions introduced here and there, we must forgive our author, whose pen is said to have been long dipped in politics. But we cannot help remarking, that the democracy, of which he affects to make no little parade, (perhaps because it is fashionable) need not be suspected as very dangerous, in a man who is so staunch an advocate for the rights of property, who speaks in
such

such high terms of Charles I. and who declares he has "no prejudice against rank and title in a state."

He shall speak for himself—

"It flows from natural consequences, and therefore it is perfectly right, that there should be rich and poor. The only just cause of complaint lies against the usurpations of the rich and powerful, when they enslave and oppress; in other words, defraud their brethren of the inferior classes, by compelling them to accept so small a recompence for their labour, that far from having either leisure, or the means, of tasting a moderate share of those pleasures which sweeten the bitter draught of life, they are worn out with incessant toils, to obtain wherewith to satisfy the mere cravings of hunger: whereas property ought to be sacred, and the term of force extends to the labourer as well as to his lord; the former having an equal right to such wages as the times demand, and will admit, as the latter has to the labourer's services, or to the enjoyment of his own possessions. This is what I understand by the modern doctrine of equality."

Continuing the line that we adopted in our review of Vol. I. of the "Treatise on Horses," we present our readers with the following account of the origin of

BULL-BAITING :

"By custom of the Manor of Tutbury, in Staffordshire, a bull was given by the prior to the minstrels. After undergoing the torture of having his horns cut, his ears and tail cropped to the very stumps, and his nostrils filled with pepper, his body was besmeared with soap, and he was turned out, in that pitiable state, in order to be hunted. This was called bull-running; and if the bull was taken, or held long enough to pull off some of his hair, he was then tied to the stake, and baited."

From the same chapter, "On the Philosophy of Sports," we are enabled to extract still farther in the way of general amusement.

COCK FIGHTING :

" This game is said to be very ancient, and of Greek, or even Indian origin ; and there are it seems at this day, in India, game-cocks of a large size, which equal, in desperate valour, those of our own country. The following anecdote of an English game-cock, so well portrays the nature of that bold and martial species of animal, that I think it worthy of being recorded. In the justly celebrated and decisive naval engagement of Lord Howe's fleet with that of France, on the first of June, 1794, a game-cock on board one of our ships, chanced to have his house beat to pieces by a shot, or some falling rigging, which accident set him at liberty ; the feathered hero now perched on the stump of the main-mast, which had been carried away, continued crowing and clapping his wings during the remainder of the engagement, enjoying, to all appearance, the thundering horrors of the scene."

Our author is unusually interesting when he comes to the most noble art of boxing :

" The noble old English custom of fighting with those natural weapons the fists, now fashionably styled pugilism, stands with me in the same predicament as the last subject, namely, it has no immediate relation to our treatment of brute animals ; but the reader will find, by what follows, that boxing is a theme which I should very reluctantly have passed unnoticed. On its principle not a word need be said, that being perfectly unexceptionable, at least on this side the millennium ; when the saints will, in truth, have infinitely more agreeable recreation, and when the chaunting three or four staves of a spiritual song will be held a far superior gratification to the receiving as many sound drowces on the chops in a sparring match. The practice of English boxing is equally unexceptionable with the principle, being so strictly consonant with the rules of justice and morality, as to form one of the greatest glories of the country. I know not whether it is committing myself to say, that an English blackguard learns more humanity and good morals, in seeing a regular boxing match, than it is probable he would, in hearing five dozen of sermons. The appointment of umpires and seconds, the shaking of hands

hands previous to the set-to, as much as to say, we mean to contend fairly and like men; the general solicitude and caution in the spectators, that perfect equity take place between the contending parties, that no foul blow be struck, and that the fallen and the vanquished be protected; and, lastly, the parting salute, when the conqueror seems generously to have divested himself of the haughtiness of triumph, the conquered to have resigned, with a natural and manly submission, and both to have disburthened their hearts of all malice or appetite of revenge—is, upon the whole, and in all its parts, so excellent a practical system of ethics, as no other country can boast, and has chiefly contributed to form the characteristic humanity of the English nation.

“It is a common remark, that English horses and dogs degenerate in foreign countries; without troubling myself to examine that particular, I shall readily assent to the position, as it regards Englishmen: how else are we to account for the unnatural lust of the American and West-Indian English for enslaving their fellow-men? Or how, for the savage and unmanly method of boxing practised by the Virginians, who are said to allow no man to be a good bit of mutton, unless he can *gouge, bellucise, and bite*? In plain English, their combatants are permitted to thrust at their antagonist's eyes with the thumbs; and some are so expert at that bestial manœuvre, as to turn an eye clean out of the socket; and even to lacerate and wound those sacred parts, against which their prototypes, the Hebrew women of antiquity, in their rage, had such mortal spite.

“If I recollect aright, I first gathered the idea, that the well-known tender-heartedness and aversion from assassination and blood of the English populace, was to be attributed, in great measure, to the practice of boxing, from the letters on Italy of the sensible and judicious Sharpe. Does a true English blackguard take it into his wise head, that you have put an unpardonable affront upon him, the utmost that you have to dread from his resentment (be you native or foreigner) is a pair of handsome black eyes, a bloody nose, and half a score lovely contusions, which may bring you into great credit with your surgeon as a good patient: but should the fellow, in the hurry of the fray, tip you the semblance of a quietus, a thousand to one but the sensibilities of his soul, excited by your fallen

fallen state, drown all ideas of vengeance, and that he himself shall be the first to lift you up, and carry you to a place of safety. The naval officers especially, have all the reason in the world to join with me in commendation of the illustrious humanity of our poor countrymen; and if the names of certain of them had appeared in a petition for mercy on a late melancholy occasion, it had redounded more to their honour than the taking or sinking a hostile fleet.

"The lower people of England, want nothing but instruction to make them the most valuable and peaceable citizens in the world. What a sad reverse to look to the continent. Should you offend a Dutchman, you will have reason to bless your good luck and your agility, if you do not feel the whole length of his enormous bread and cheese knife in your entrails. In Spain and Italy the case is still more dreadful; there you may have the spado, or the stiletto, whipped through your loins, and yet be utterly unconscious of the offence you have given, or whom you have offended. At Genoa, says Mr. Gray, one hundred and fifty assassinations are committed yearly, and chiefly among the lower classes; an assassin being sure to escape, who can make interest with a hoble, or raise a hundred and fifty livres. At Naples, Dr. Owen informs us, five thousand persons perished, in one year, by the bloody hand of assassination."

So far, so good. But Mr. Lawrence would carry these sports into the routine of our sabbath-day employments, or gratifications. He thinks that this will be "perfectly unexceptionable, at least on this side the millennium; *when* (continues this gentleman) *the saints will, in troth, have infinitely more agreeable recreation, and when the chaunting three or four staves of a spiritual song will be held a far superior gratification to the receiving as many sound dowces on the chops in a sparring match.*" We were almost inclined to excuse, for reasons just stated, the politics of this book; and granting the deism of the author, a deism not unfriendly to the atheist, we pass over this ridiculous flourish, which, like "THE HEALTH OF OUR SOVEREIGN—And *The majesty of the people,*" may be left to defeat itself.

itself. To the *science* of Mr. Lawrence it has been our wish to award every praise, because we have found it satisfactory and meritorious.

Literary Memoirs of Living Authors of Great Britain, arranged according to an Alphabetical Catalogue of their Names; and including a List of their Works, with occasional Opinions upon their Literary Character. 2 Volumes. 8vo. 14s. Boards. Faulder, &c. &c.

WE more than suspect that these volumes are the produce of some *bookseller*, who has learnt to *make* books as well as to *sell* them. The work is a perfect catchpenny. It professes to give a character of "Living Authors:"—when half the number which it thus enumerates, have long since been dead to all fame except ill-fame; and many of the remaining names cannot, with any propriety, be denominated *authors*. As to the "Opinions upon their Literary Character," they are equally vague and unjust. We might occupy several pages of the Review, with examples in support of this accusation. The main secret which these volumes would disclose, is a knowledge of the author of the PURSUITS OF LITERATURE, which production is here attributed to Mr. Mathias; who, however, according to the compiler of these Memoirs, has been assisted by Dr. Glynn of Cambridge.

An Address to the People of Great Britain. By R. Wat-
son, Lord Bishop of Landaff. pp. 42. 1s. Faulder.

THE fame of Bishop Watson is so well established as a judicious and impartial man, that we hope something from the extensive circulation which this address is likely to obtain. Looking forward to those inevitable consequences

consequences which must one day await the further accumulation of our national debt, he is so far from censuring the minister in the late assessments, that he would have rendered a *tenth* of the *whole* of individual property to the imperious necessities of the state. He is no advocate for temporizing measures. Fully aware of the calamities of Englishmen, he would meet them as an Englishman should meet them.

We regret that we cannot follow the bishop in the ideas which he has laid down on this subject. The concluding pages of this estimable pamphlet are devoted to the interests of good government, and the defence of uncorrupted christianity. His lordship, however, is not unheedful of the reflections which may be excited by his address in the minds of a certain description of men—

“ I am not altogether insensible,” says the bishop, “ of the danger I may have incurred, (should matters come to extremity) by thus publicly addressing my countrymen. I might have concealed my sentiments, and waited in retirement till the struggle had been over, and the issue known; but I disdain safety accompanied with dishonour. When Hannibal is at the gates, who but a paltroun would listen to the timid counsels of neutrality, or attempt to screen himself from the calamity coming on his country, by skulking as a vagabond amid the mountains of Wales, or of Westmoreland? I am ready, and I am persuaded that I entertain a just confidence in saying, that hundreds of thousands of loyal and honest men are as ready as I am, to hazard every thing in defence of the country.”

This is language worthy a great mind. “ It is also the language of a *bishop*!” We understand the exclamation perfectly well, for we have heard it often enough since the publication of the “ Address.” But, we ask, of what bishop?—the bishop of Landaff—a bishop who is a philosopher, and who knows no disaffection betwixt true philosophy and genuine christianity. A bishop who is an ornament to his high and dignified office; who has a family of “ eight children” to provide for; and

and whose little property (the little he has been able to set apart from his domestic expences) is vested in those funds which he would devote to the service of his country!

Secret History of the French Revolution, from the Convocation of the Notables in 1787, to the first of November, 1796, &c.; from the French of Francis Pages. 2 vols. 12s. bds. Longman.

WE do not see how the denomination of "*secret*" can with propriety be applied to this "*history*." It discloses what most people know: and does not even conceal, what ought never to be seen, the unbending *partiality* of the author.

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The

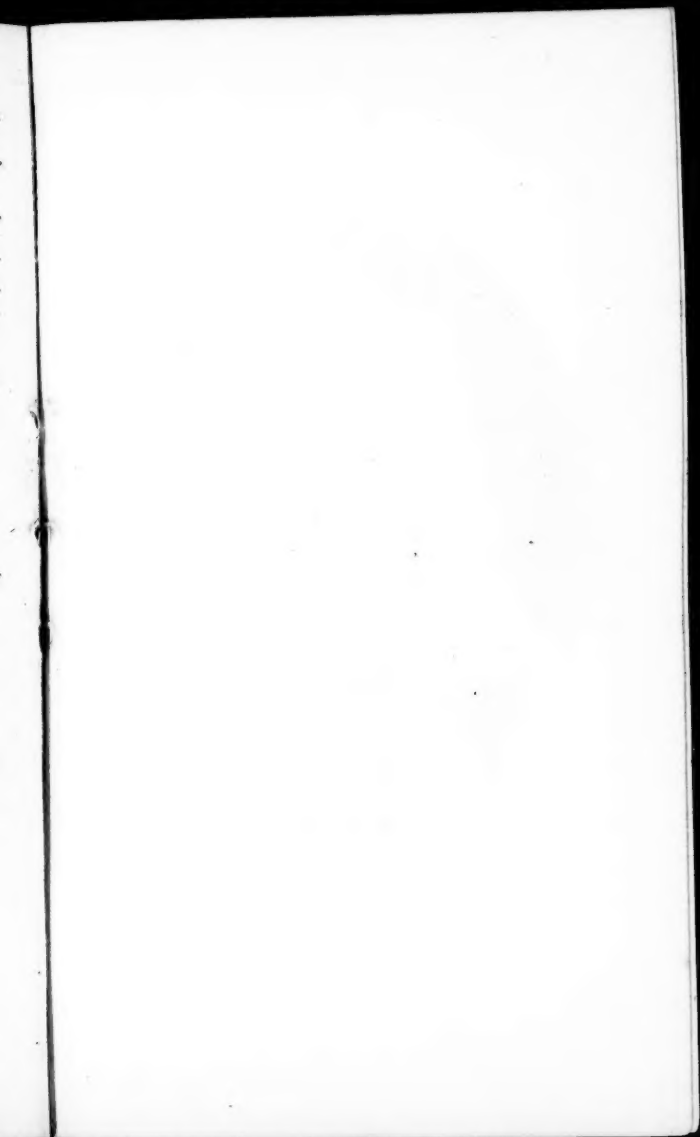
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